

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1959



"HELENA,"

BY GERARD TER BORCH (1617-1681).

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"Should auld acquaintance be forgot—"



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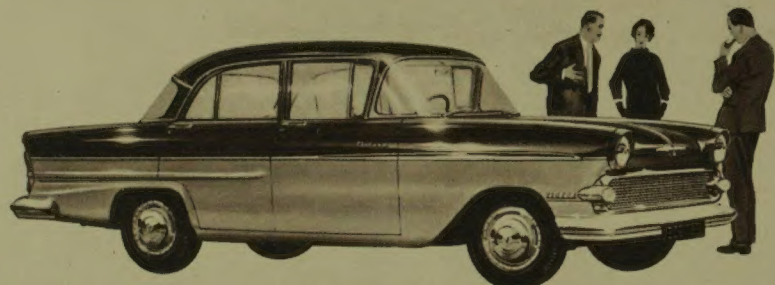
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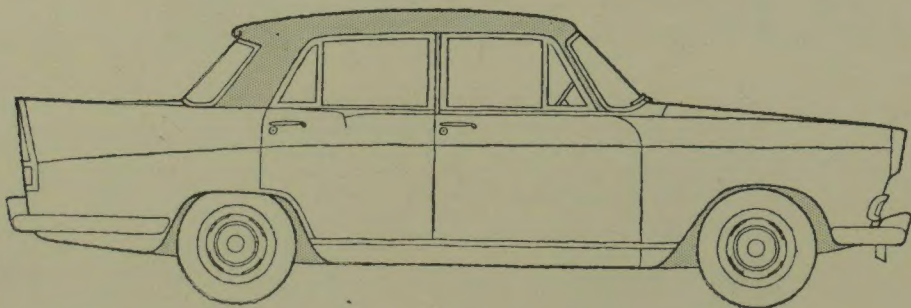
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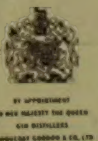
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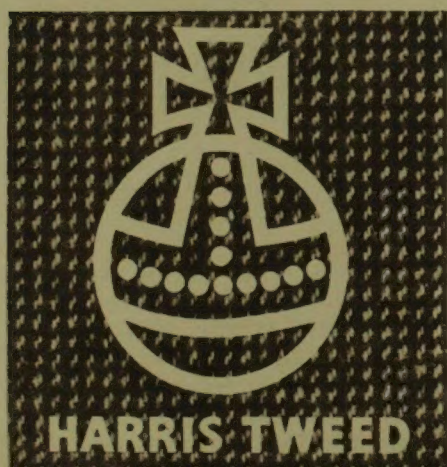
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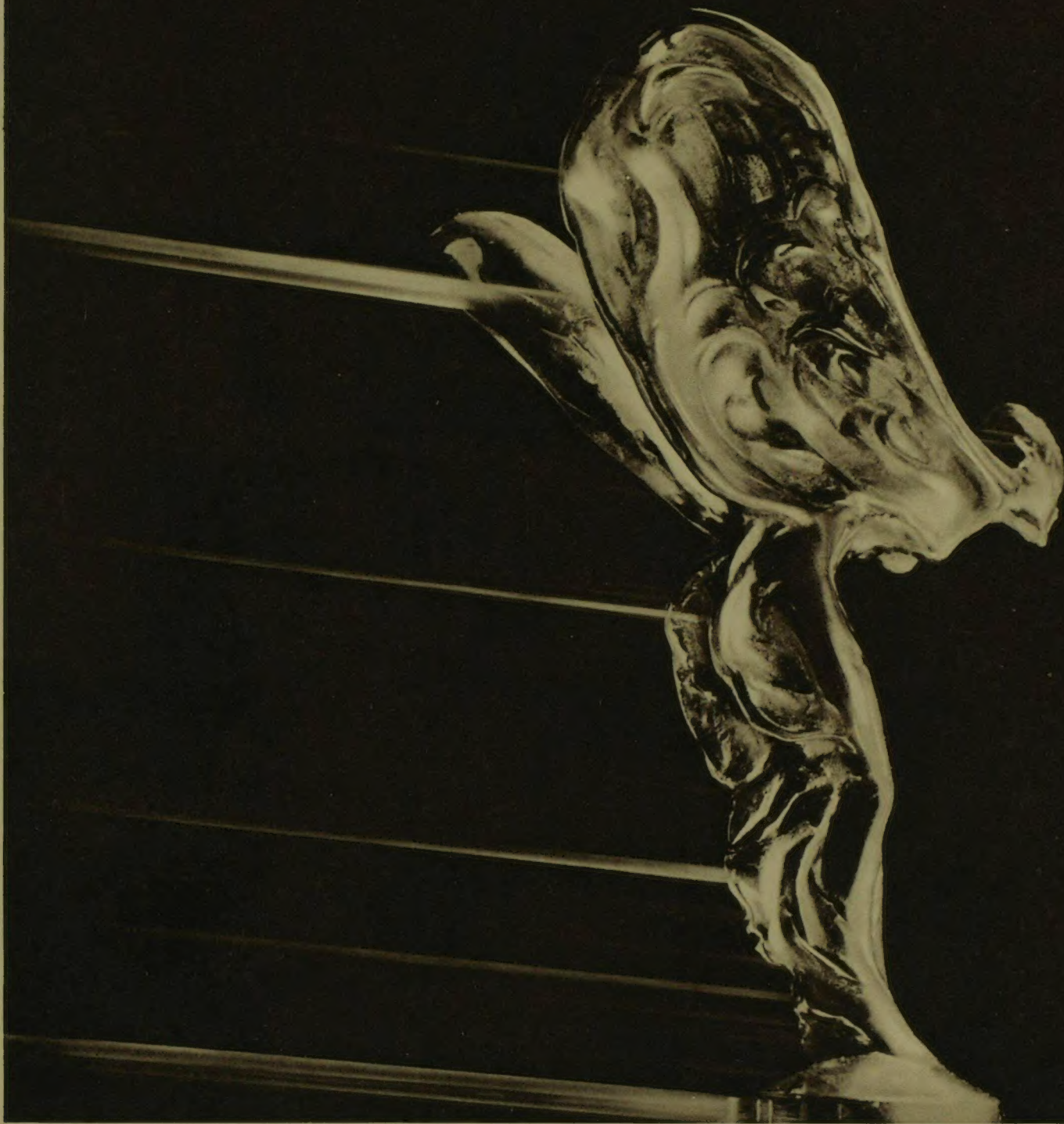
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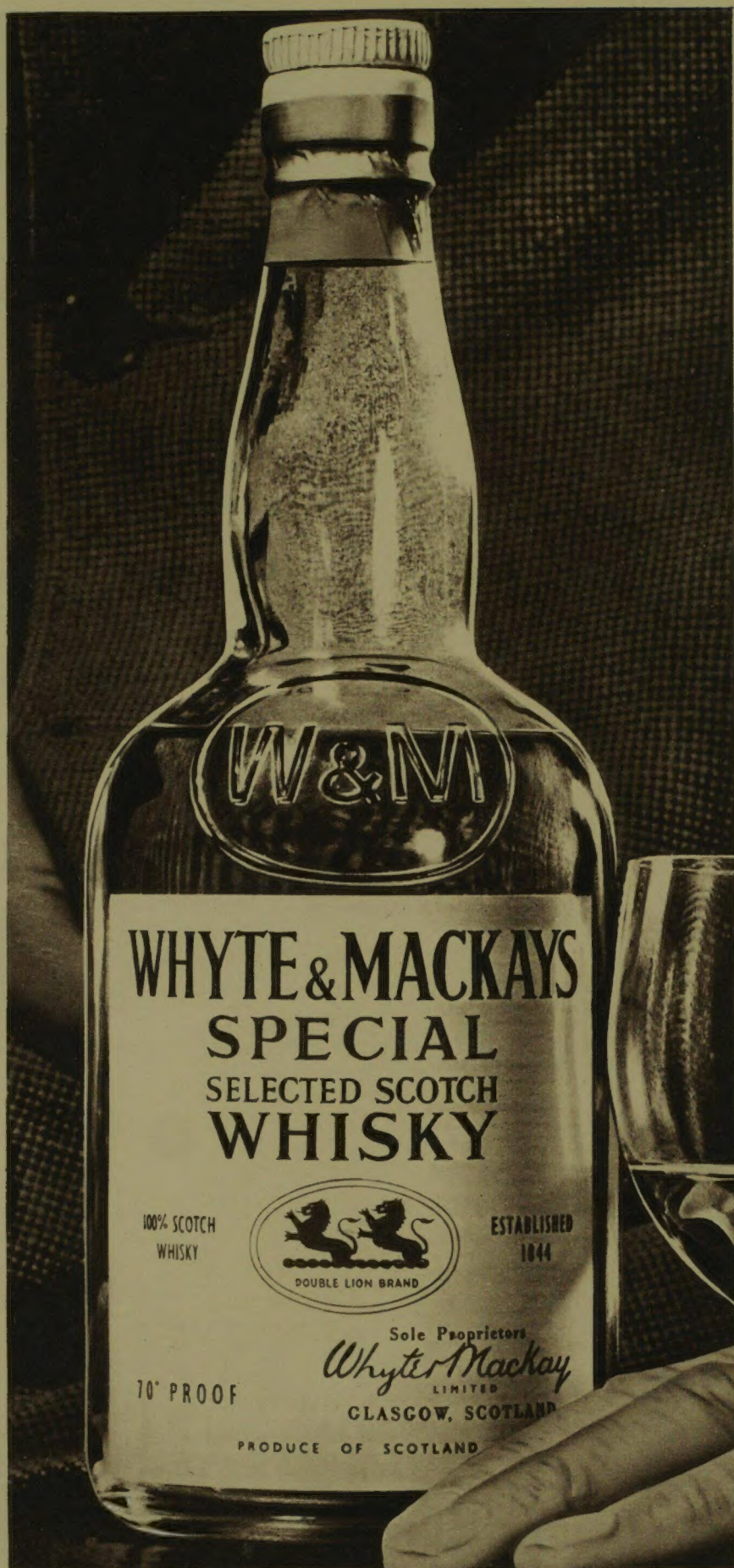
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ROAMER



Picture shows bottle, glass, and owner thereof, all containing the lightest whisky you can buy—Whyte and Mackays.

DANGER- ADVERTISEMENT!

This is an advertisement for Whyte and Mackays, the lightest-tasting Scotch whisky on sale today. This opens two possibilities: either you are influenced by advertisements, or you are not. If you are not, then stop reading this, and buy a bottle right away, so that you can find out all about it for yourself. On the other hand, if you do believe what advertisements say, then we shall be happy to inform you further: Whyte and Mackays is not only, we repeat, the lightest-tasting Scotch whisky on sale today, it is also the cleanest-tasting, and most delicately blended.

Moreover, it is one of the oldest proprietary brands. It inspired many Victorians to achieve greatness.

This still leaves you two possibilities: you either like light whisky, or you don't. If you don't, we are sorry to have wasted your time (and our money), but if you do, then you have only one possibility: you must buy a bottle of Whyte and Mackays right away, and find out just how true this advertisement really is.

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esigned for your delight: The contents of our Christmas Number.

Cover illustration, "HELENA," by Gerard Ter Borch.

IN FULL COLOUR

"CHILDREN IN THE COSTUME OF DIFFERENT AGES." A series of paintings illustrating this fascinating theme.

Frontispiece, "EMERENTIA," by Peter Soutman.

"A VICTORIAN CHILD IN FANCY DRESS." Millais' famous and delightful picture "Cherry Ripe."

"CHILDREN'S COSTUMES IN THE SIXTEENTH, SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES." Five child studies by Raeburn, Velasquez, Netscher, Belle and an unknown Florentine.

"TWO GROUP PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN," by Zoffany and Lancret.

OTHER PICTURES IN FULL COLOUR

"THE PLEASURES OF SUMMER AND WINTER SEEN BY FLEMISH PAINTERS." Two landscapes by Paul Brill and Jacob Grimm.

"CONTRASTING SEASONS." Two paintings by the eighteenth-century French artist Jean Pillement.

"TWO WINTER LANDSCAPES," by Claude Monet.

"THE RISING AND SETTING SUN." Two landscapes by Alan Reynolds.

"GAMES, UTENSILS AND INSTRUMENTS USED IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE." Two interior studies by Michel Corneille and Sebastien Stoskopff.

"CRAFTSMEN WITH THEIR TOOLS." Two seventeenth-century paintings by Jean Tassel and Jan Baptist Weenix.

"A THRILLER ON CANVAS: 'DEATH AT THE BANQUET,'" by Angelo Caroselli. A painting that tells a story.

THE "TRES RICHES HEURES DU DUC DE BERRY." Eight New Testament scenes from the greatest of illuminated manuscripts.

"MARGOT FONTEYN IN 'FIREBIRD,'" the Ballet of Demons, Enchantments and Mercy Rewarded.

"SIX ROMANTIC WILDFLOWER PAINTINGS," by Raymond Booth.

"THE HAUNTED HOUSE." A painting of Murthly Castle in Perthshire by Millais.

"SHROVE TUESDAY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY." "The Pancake Maker," by Nicolaes Maes.

WILLIAM HUNT'S painting of a young *Illustrated London News* reader of 1850: "The Temptress."

IN BLACK AND GOLD

FOUR PAGES OF FAIRY TALES: "Thumbelina" and "Puss-in-Boots," illustrated with beautiful scissor-cuts by Lotte Reiniger.

ARTICLES

"JIMMY, THE DOG IN MY LIFE," by Sir Arthur Bryant. Memories of the dog whom Sir Arthur Bryant made a world-wide character by his articles in our weekly issues.

"FROM NUDITY TO PANTALETES." An account of children's dress through the ages specially written by James Laver and lavishly illustrated with drawings by E. H. Shepard, the well-known artist of "Winnie-the-Pooh."

"ENGLISH GHOULIES AND GHOSTIES," by Robert Aickman, with five drawings by Juliet Pannett.

STORY

"HOME FOR CHRISTMAS," by Marie Muir. Illustrated by Alan Crisp.

CONTENTS

COLOUR COVER. 21 PAGES IN FULL COLOUR. FOUR PAGES IN BLACK AND GOLD.

The
world
swing...



SYDNEY



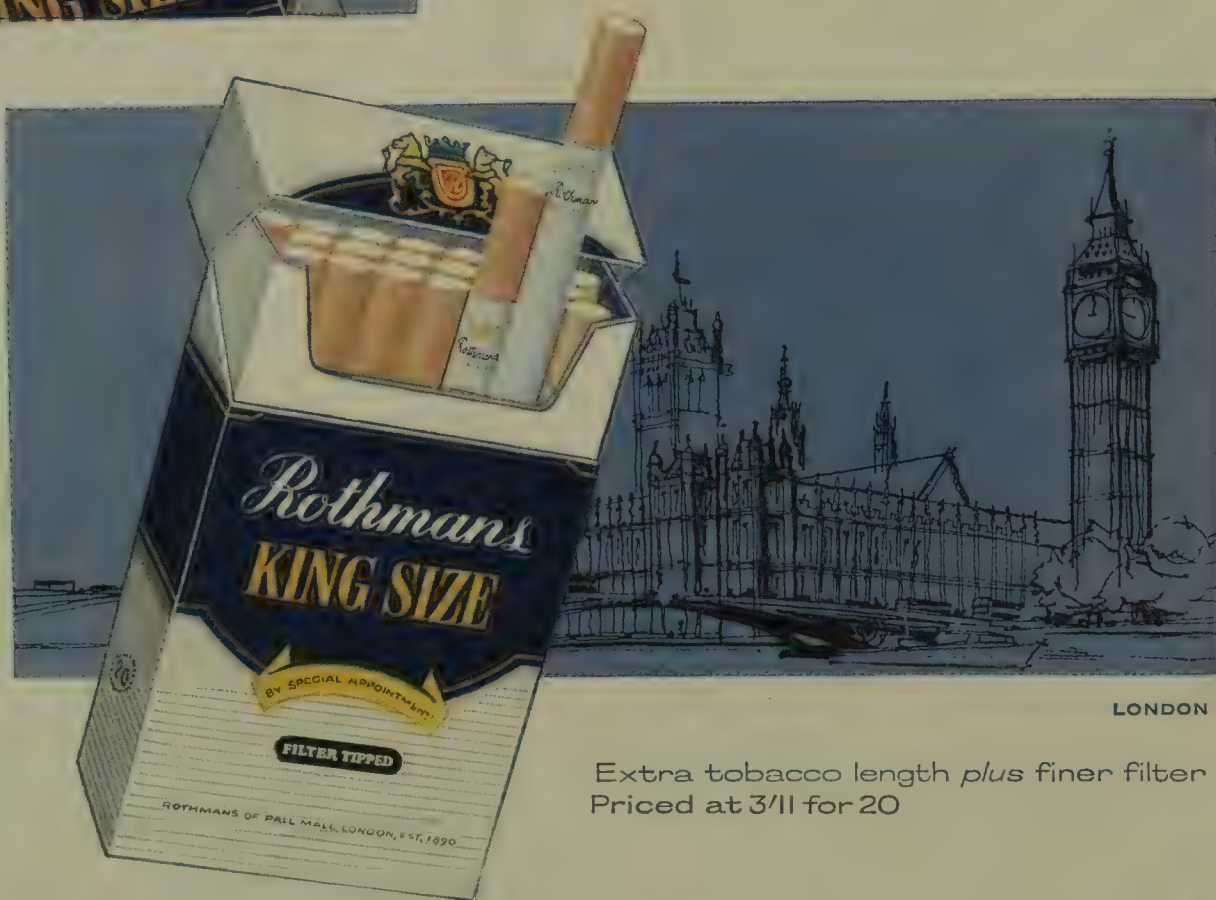
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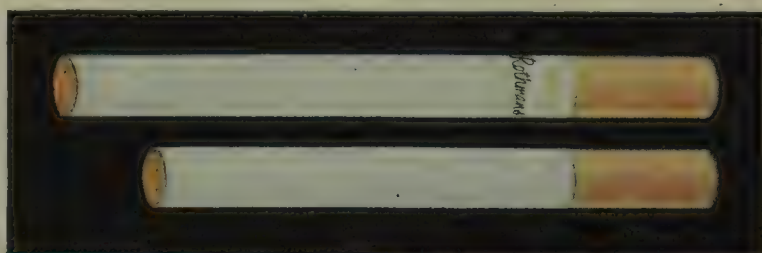
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LONDON

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KSF/3/G/59

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1959



THE LAUGHING CHILD: A PORTRAIT OF A NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL IN FLEMISH COSTUME.

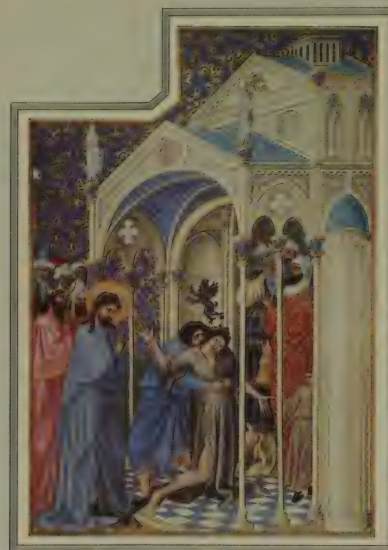
This painting of "Emerentia van Beresteijn as a Child" by Pieter Soutman (c. 1580-1657) was for some time thought to be the work

of Frans Hals. It is one of the many fine pictures to be seen at Waddesdon Manor, in Buckinghamshire.

Reproduced by courtesy of the National Trust, Waddesdon Manor.



"THE VISITATION."



"CURE OF THE POSSESSED BOY."



"CHRIST ON HIS WAY TO THE PRÆTORIUM."



"THE ANNUNCIATION."



"THE TEMPTATION."



"SAINT JOHN ON THE ISLE OF PATMOS."



"THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM."



"CHRIST ON THE WAY TO CALVARY."

KNOWN AS "THE KING OF ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS": SCENES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

The "*Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*" is perhaps the greatest illuminated manuscript in the world. It was commissioned early in the fifteenth century by the Duc de Berry, a French nobleman and art-lover who spared no expense to procure the finest materials and artists to carry out the work. He was in the

habit of exchanging books with the Duc de Bourgogne, and in this way he came to notice the remarkable gifts of the three brothers Paul, Herman and Jean de Limbourg, who were then in the employ of the Duc de Bourgogne. About the year 1408 these three young artists were entrusted by the Duc de Berry to paint

These reproductions are some of the twenty-one used as illustrations of the

FROM THE EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY "*TRES RICHES HEURES DU DUC DE BERRY*."

the manuscript known as the "*Très Belles Heures*" (which is now in the Cloisters Museum, New York). This was executed with such astonishing skill that the Duke promptly commissioned them to decorate the even more magnificent "*Très Riches Heures*" (now in the Musée Condé, at Chantilly), which was Verona "*New Testament*," a magnificent publication by Collins at 4 guineas.

begun probably about 1412. During the years they were in his service, the Duke treated the brothers as honoured members of his household, and rewarded their efforts with sumptuous gifts. Then, about the year 1416, the three brothers and their master died, leaving the manuscript incomplete.

LIKE A MODERN "TEMPLE OF FLORA"—PICTURESQUE FLOWER PORTRAITS.



"SNOWDROPS."
Reproduced by courtesy of Mrs. R. H. Everard.



"PRIMULA MARGINATA (DRAKE'S FORM)."
Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. H. E. Barnes.



"HORSE-CHESTNUT—AN OCTOBER AFTERNOON."
Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. C. Nissen.



"RYDBERGIA GRANDIFLORA, 'THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.'"
(Reproduced by courtesy of Mrs. R. H. Everard.)

The six flower studies on this and the opposite page are all by Mr. Raymond C. Booth and were seen in an exhibition this year at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street. Conceived perhaps in the spirit and tradition of Thornton's famous "Temple of Flora"—in which the best-known plate is probably "The Night-flowering Cereus"—they are remarkable for the way in which the most meticulous standards of botanical illustration are combined with a romantic and evocative setting. The snowdrops, springing through the dead hawthorn

leaves beside the lichened twig and the dark leathery leaves of wood sanicle, summon up the hushed melancholy of winter woodland; the primula the clean sunlight of the Alpes Maritimes; the Tissot-like chestnut leaves and the bursting "conkers" on the wall at once the dreamy sadness of evening and autumn and the boy's bright satisfaction in the best of all woodland treasure trove; and as for the rydbergia and the Rocky Mountains—it is the Golden West that comes to mind, the America of the eternal frontier.

HIGH SUMMER AND WINTER'S APPROACH—IN ROMANTIC FLOWER STUDIES.



"DANDELION."

Reproduced by courtesy of Mrs. R. H. Everard.



"BLACK BRYONY BERRIES—A HEDGEROW IN NOVEMBER."

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. H. E. Barnes.

These two paintings by Mr. Raymond C. Booth, which, like those on the opposite page, were exhibited earlier this year at Walker's Galleries, New Bond Street, have as well as their echoes of the "Temple of Flora" a sense of momentary urgency in space and time, rather like the foreground detail in a Pre-Raphaelite painting. It is a dreamlike brilliance and immediacy, a

moment that seems suddenly significant—the moment of a hot summer's afternoon when the dandelion clock is stretched to its uttermost perfection before the first heavy raindrop and the first eddy of the thunderstorm disrupt it; or the November evening when the cows turn their tails to the coming storm and the bryony berries glow in the last fitful gleams of light.



"SUNSHINE AND SNOW: LAVACOURT": A PAINTING OF 1881 BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926). (Oil on canvas: 23½ by 31½ ins.)



"THE MAGPIE (LA PIE)": PAINTED IN ABOUT 1869 AND PERHAPS MONET'S GREATEST SNOW LANDSCAPE. (Oil on canvas: 34½ by 51½ ins.)

WINTER SCENES OF SUNSHINE ON SNOW—DEPICTED BY THE GREAT IMPRESSIONIST PAINTER, CLAUDE MONET.

These two glowing snow scenes, which were both included in the Arts Council's Monet Exhibition in 1957, show this most influential French artist at his greatest heights in the painting of vivid outdoor scenes. Claude Monet, who was introduced to the delights of outdoor painting by Eugène

Boudin, was one of the leading figures of the Impressionist School, whose members found in the brilliance of a snow-covered landscape a challenging inspiration for their theories of light and colour. The years that separate these two paintings saw the most important period of Monet's development.

Copyright: S.P.A.D.E.M., Paris. "Sunshine and Snow: Lavacourt" is reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the National Gallery, London; and "The Magpie" by courtesy of the Société Guerlain, Paris.



"SUNRISE—I": A GLIMMERING HALF-LIGHT SCENE PAINTED BY ALAN REYNOLDS IN 1956. (Oil on canvas board: 40 by 66½ ins.)



"SUNSET, 1956." THESE COMPOSITIONS WERE INSPIRED BY THE LANDSCAPE OF DORSET. (Oil on canvas board: 48 by 70 ins.)

THE RISING AND THE SETTING OF THE SUN: LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS BY ALAN REYNOLDS.

"That landscape painter who does not make his skies a very material part of his composition, neglects to avail himself of one of his greatest aids." Thus wrote John Constable, an outstanding figure in the development of landscape painting in this country. It is a sentiment which Alan Reynolds,

who, although only thirty-two, has already established himself as one of the leading English landscape painters of to-day, would obviously support. The sky nearly always plays a most important rôle in his compositions, as, for instance, in these impressive sunrise and sunset scenes.

Reproduced by courtesy of the artist, and the Leicester Galleries. "Sunset, 1956" has been acquired by the Nottingham Castle Museum.

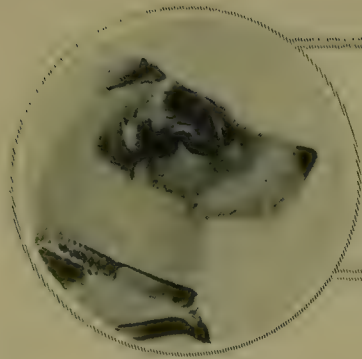


THE HAUNTED CASTLE: "CHRISTMAS EVE, 1887, AT MURTHLY CASTLE," BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.P.R.A.

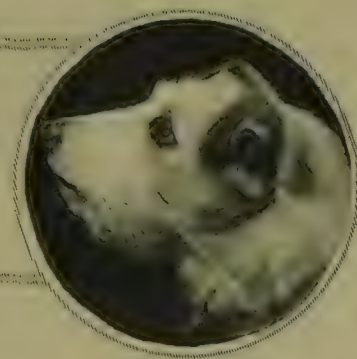
This Murthly Castle, in Perthshire—for a number of years there were two—was leased by Millais for several years after 1881; and this picture was painted by him from a hut in the grounds and finished on Christmas Eve, 1887. The ghostly air with which he has invested it is not surprising as there are several ghostly traditions attached to it. In the property of the Lords of Murthly is the Great Birnam Wood that went to Dunsinane; there is a "hanged-men's tree" with a grim past; and an ancient avenue of yew-trees known as the Dead Walk; but the most definite ghost story dates back only 100 years.

Major William George Drummond Stuart had won the V.C. at the storming of the Malakoff Fort during the Crimean War. He was later posted to Bath but was due to return to Murthly one winter. Heavy snow fell and it was thought this delayed his return; but as the evening fell there was the jingle of harness and the rumble of a coach in the drive—yet the drive was empty, the snow undisturbed. Several days later came the news that the Major had been killed in Bath at the identical hour of the "phantom coach's" arrival at Murthly. The castle is still in existence and inhabited.

From the Robinson Collection, reproduced by courtesy of Princess Labia.



"Jimmy, the Dog in my Life."



by Arthur Bryant.

JIMMY was a rough-haired English terrier. He had a snow-white coat which, when brushed and washed, was almost dazzlingly white; large and well-proportioned brown and black spots, a short, stuggy brown-tipped tail that usually, like his aspiring spirit, pointed perkily upwards; long, graceful legs that with his stout heart could carry him as swiftly as any deer or racehorse; two satiny brown ears that sometimes lay in repose and at others pointed upwards like the pavilions of a mediæval army; and the most beautiful brown eyes I have ever seen. He may not have conformed to the pedantic requirements of any Breeding Society but, viewed purely as dog, he had everything proper about him. He entered my life on a Cornish cliff seventeen years ago. It was at the darkest moment of the war soon after our defeat at Knightsbridge and when the victorious Germans were hammering on the gates of Alexandria and Stalingrad, when the position at sea was more grave than at any time of the war and when the Japanese tide in the Pacific and South-East Asia had still to be turned. I had been granted a fortnight's respite from work which I was doing for the Services, and had taken the opportunity of spending ten days in a farmhouse on the north Cornish coast arranging material for a book. It was my one wartime holiday and during the afternoons my wife and I made the most of it; sometimes picnicking on the beach and at other times taking long tramps over the cliffs. On one of these we walked to Boscastle, about six or seven miles from the farmhouse where we were staying. And there we encountered the waif who for the next fourteen years was to dominate our lives. We were eating our sandwiches and sardines on a small promontory overlooking the west side of the harbour, and I was feeding small scraps of bread to the gulls who were voraciously soaring and diving around us. Suddenly my wife called out, "Look!" and there was a white shaggy terrier with brown cap and ears and a stump of a tail sitting beside me and gazing at me with a look of infinite reproach and longing and with an expression more intense than that of any other creature I had ever seen. Though food in those days was not plentiful and I was hungry, I was quite unable to resist the look in those appealing eyes, and my last two sandwiches, bit by bit, were handed over to this obviously expert and, as it turned out, professional beggar. What was so remarkable was that, though, as we subsequently came to realise, he must have been half-starving, he made not the slightest attempt to snatch the proffered food and took it in his mouth so gently that it seemed to leave one's hand by some imperceptible process of suction. It was one of the dog's distinguishing traits and always remained so. A connoisseur of food, especially, as we discovered later, of the rarer and more expensive kinds, he was never greedy. He merely showed, as only he could, that he needed it, and then waited patiently for his need to be satisfied.

I have written of that first meeting with my pet before, and cannot hope effectively to describe that encounter—so full of significance as it was to prove for the next fourteen years of my life—in words very different to those I have already used. Owing to his half-starved condition he seemed at the time to be an old dog: thin, matted, mangy, with a pink hairless underneath on which black spots appeared like skin eruptions. We took him to be the property of some poor family who could afford him little food or attention. Yet before he had been with us many minutes he gave us a taste of his quality. A hundred feet or so beneath us was an estuary, with scores of gulls resting on the sand. These the dog obviously regarded as enemies, for he suddenly jumped up, dashed down the precipitous rocks and, barking wildly, drove them, squalling and wheeling, out to sea. Then he raced up the cliff to us, wagged his little stern ecstatically as he approached, and sat down again by our

side, intently and wistfully surveying the sandwich-box. The whole exercise was carried out in double-quick time and evinced the highest degree of alertness, zest and *savoir-faire*. And yet, as I have said, he seemed an old, rugged, under-nourished dog, and was unquestionably very mangy.

It was only after we had sat there for an hour that we realised with a shock that he had no collar and that he belonged to none of the picnicking parties—honeymoon couples, old-people and Service men and women on leave—who had been sharing the promontory with us. And when, now alone, we rose to leave, the dog rose and followed us. Or, to be precise, he preceded us, for from the start of our association he took the initiative. He did so in a manner that made it perfectly clear that there was now a bond between us and that he regarded us as his property. Whenever we paused he paused, and when we sat down—which we did deliberately to see what would happen—he sat down, too, and regarded us with a look of deep interest and affection. He seemed, indeed, for all his shaggy and disreputable appearance, the soul of amiability, for we noted particularly the friendliness with which he greeted the dogs in the outskirts of the little town, wagging his tail in a frenzy of welcome at their approach and lavishing upon them those attentions which seem to endear dogs to one another. There was never the faintest hint of a fight in his manner; he positively loved his fellow-dogs, all of them, the motion of his quivering tail seemed to say. Not even the churliest cur could have picked a quarrel with a creature so imbued with the spirit of universal charity.

After that, passing through the town, we lost him—or rather, he lost us. We were relieved, for the prospect of a stray dog on our hands so far from home, and at such a time, naturally dismayed us. But some days later, just before my brief holiday ended, we walked over the cliffs again to pay our last visit to the storm-battered estuary where we had encountered the little creature. In the intervening days we had sometimes spoken of him and his inexplicable charm, and had half-wondered whether we should ever see him again.

But we were not thinking of him at all when, just as we were finishing our tea in the local hostelry, we found him once more sitting quietly by our side.

It was inevitable, I suppose, that we should have offered him cake, and inevitable, too—though we were not expecting it—that he should again have followed us. This time, as we climbed the steep hill out of the town, it became clear that he was following us in earnest. Remembering that we had a six- or seven-mile walk over the cliffs before us, and that we should have to retrace our steps next day—our last before I returned to my labours—if we were not either heartlessly to abandon him or adopt him for life, we were greatly distressed. We were still on a main road, and to all the people we met walking towards the town we explained our plight and asked them to take the dog back to where he belonged. But from them we also learned what we had guessed—that he belonged to nowhere; that he was an inveterate runaway for whom the police were seeking a home and who had been eking out a summer's existence rabbiting on the cliffs and begging largess from picnic parties. And though two or three of them did their best to lure him back to the town, he refused to be caught and persisted in following us.

A mile or so out of the town our way left the main road and struck across the cliffs. After that, we knew, we should meet no other travellers. We accordingly did our best to persuade the dog to return. But he appeared to regard our encouraging gestures and pointings as a species of game, cocked up his ears and watched us for a time, then lost interest and sat down, awaiting our pleasure. In the end I was reduced to threatening him with a stone, which I threw, miserably and feebly, in



A Study in Companionship: a photograph of Jimmy in 1947, seen with his master, a bearded Arthur Bryant.

Photograph by Walter Bird.

his direction. When the dog realised that what I was doing was no game but a deliberate attempt to get rid of him, the confidence in his bearing vanished in a moment and he became a broken, forlorn, abject creature, with drooping tail and tragic eyes. He slunk away, and we hurriedly resumed our path towards the cliff, daring neither to speak nor look at one another. I felt as though I had committed a murder.

But we had not done with the dog; that loving heart was to redeem us. For suddenly my wife gripped my arm and said, "Look," and, turning, I saw him following, miserably, far back from the underside of the hedge. That was the end, or, so far as we were concerned, the beginning. We let him come and thereafter he took charge of us, trotting on ahead of us as though everything was now arranged, as indeed—though we did not know it—it was. But as we discussed him, I agreed that, if the farmer and his wife with whom we were lodging would let him stay for the next two nights—our last in Cornwall—I would telephone the police in the morning and offer him a home.

At the farm we were successful in obtaining permission for the dog to stay with us. When, after eating our supper, we returned to the room where we had left him on the floor, we found him curled up, to our horror, on one of our landlady's armchairs. It was symptomatic of what was to come: the quiet assurance of it, the luxurious comfort, the air of full proprietorship. Consigned for the night to a barn into which he was inveigled with a bowl of bread and milk—a dish for which, for all his recent hunger, he showed some contempt—he was waiting at the door to be let out when early next morning my wife went to release him. I can still see that eager, slightly offended, little white figure emerging like a bullet from his place of confinement and greeting his rescuer on the top of the stone steps that led to it.

During the day that followed, the dog was constantly disappearing and reappearing as befitted the incorrigible rover he so obviously was. And yet the curious thing was that, just as he took food so gently and with such impeccable manners, he was perfectly house-trained. In all the fourteen years he was with us, only once did he misbehave himself in a house, and then in the staircase-hall of an immense 19th-century Gothic edifice whose pillars he clearly confused with lamp-posts. A good home he must have had at some time and now apparently wanted another. And yet, in all other ways he was a wild dog, used to complete liberty and impatient of the slightest restraint. In the course of the morning, while we were bathing, he attached himself to at least half a dozen other parties, and there seemed small reason to expect that he would remain with us.

When I telephoned the police to offer him a home he had already vanished, only to reappear unexpectedly soon after the permission to take him had been granted.

Yet when that afternoon, after we had toiled up the cliff after his twentieth disappearance and my wife and I had agreed that if he rejoined us, as at that moment he did, that I should walk him back to Boscastle and return him there if he would follow me—since it scarcely seemed a kindness to deprive of his liberty one who valued it so much—he turned his back firmly on me and persisted in following his mistress to the farm and a life of domesticity. He had chosen.

Next morning, when the car called to take us to the station, he had again disappeared—rabbiting—and it seemed certain we should have to depart without him. But just as the luggage was being put in, he reappeared. My wife had made him a collar of string and, with this round his neck—symbol of his changed status—he accompanied us to the station. When he saw the train and realised he was to go with us he went mad with joy. And through all the long, crowded journey to London he remained as good as gold, curled up at our feet or in the corridor, patiently awaiting his future. Even Waterloo, with its to him bewildering turmoil and clatter, did not daunt that staunch little heart, though when a little later his mistress left the taxi and disappeared into a shop he became wildly agitated. And when, late at night, we arrived after further train and car journeys at the old North Buckinghamshire house that for the next three years was to be his home, he trotted into the garden as though he had lived there all his life. By every muscle of his taut, alert body he made it clear that he regarded it as his own.

From an existence of rabbit-hunting on wind-blown cliffs, cadging scraps out of paper bags from picnic parties and periodic sojourns in village police stations, Jimmy, as we christened him, passed into the possession of nearly all that a stray dog can ask—a fireside, regular meals, regular petting, soft sitting and lying, and the devotion of two human beings. Within twenty-four hours of his arrival, despite some foolish talk by his new owners about housing him in an outhouse, he had established himself on his mistress's bed, which remained his sleeping-place until he died fourteen years later. It was astonishing how quickly he changed from the gentle, almost barkless creature we had found into an animal almost embarrassingly vocal, with the lordliest airs and a pugnacity towards every creature bigger than himself that would have done credit to a Red Indian on the warpath. Never was terrier more a

terrier—more challenging, inquiring, restless—than this white, brown-capped, black-spotted, stuggy-tailed piece of fur and spirit that had so unexpectedly invaded and so ruthlessly dominated our lives. Yet—and this was the pathos of him—a harsh word, a stick raised to chasten, a suitcase packed for a journey he might not share—and all the confidence went out of him like water drained from a cup. His tail went down, his head hung, and a look of unutterable sadness came into his big, brown eyes. Even chocolate, which in some mysterious way—and most inconveniently, seeing it was stringently rationed—he made it clear he loved above all other foods, would remain untouched at his feet if his mistress went out without him. To her, for all his fiery challenge to a world which had tragically misused him and which he had now so triumphantly overcome, he gave a love as single-hearted and unchanging as I have ever witnessed in any creature, human or animal.

Jimmy's first three years of domesticity were wartime years. They must have seemed to him strangely static. His master, doing work for all three Services, was often away, travelling by rail, road and sometimes by air, while Jimmy remained with his mistress in the heavy clay Buckinghamshire uplands. I think he regarded this as a real deprivation, for all his life he was essentially a dog who wanted to be off somewhere. It mattered little to him where, so long as he went, and up to the end any journey, even the shortest—for a shopping expedition or merely to take the car a hundred yards to the garage at the back of the house—was heralded by excited, imperious barking. Having no outlet for his roving instincts at a time when unnecessary journeys were frowned on, not only for little dogs but for non-combatant humans, he at this period of his life

frequently and not unnaturally ran away. It was not that he wanted to leave us: on the contrary, he was clearly as devoted to us as we were to him and always returned to us with every manifestation of passionate devotion and contrition for having left us. But he could not resist his longing for adventure. We had only to leave a window or the garden gate open and he would be through it and, though at first he might intend to go no further than the neighbouring small-holder's manure-heap—our village dog's club—or to pick a bone, in more senses than one, with his great enemy and rival, Farmer Hinton's dog down the road, unless speedily detected and recalled he would as likely as not attach himself to some passing soldier or follow a scent across the fields and, travelling at his usual remarkable speed—for he could out-distance a bicycle coasting down the steepest hill—soon be far beyond recall or, in those petrol-less days, discovery. There would then follow hours of agonised

searching the neighbouring fields and woods and, when the searching proved vain, as it almost invariably did, much telephoning to distant police stations whence, usually long after nightfall, he would be retrieved by his long-suffering mistress on a bicycle.

On one of his odysseys, I remember, he had followed a W.A.A.F. on a bicycle to a nearby town. Here he spent some hours in the typists' room at the headquarters of the local Group of Bomber Operational Training Command, being petted and fed on sweet biscuits and other favourite and, at that time, rare foods. Then, feeling the call of the road again or possibly being ejected by outraged higher authority, he transferred himself to an airfield a few miles distant where, apparently rabbiting, he was caught in the slipstream of a departing *Wellington* and was subsequently, dazed and much shaken by his aeronautical experience, all but run over by a local car. At this point—it was about teatime and he had been absent since breakfast—we succeeded in picking up his trail as a result of telephoning the entire neighbourhood, including our most august neighbour, the Air Vice-Marshal himself, who, as a result of a kindly search signal, was able to give us a detailed report of his adventures to date. But he had by then again vanished, and it was not till nine o'clock that a police station seven miles away telephoned to inform us that he was once more among his old friends, the constabulary. When collected, at the expense of a week's precious petrol ration, he was found in a circle of solemn policemen beside the station fire, sitting there with an expression of great intelligence and listening to a lecture on Gas, though his contentment may have arisen less from his enjoyment of such intellectual fare than from a justly-founded association of uniforms with meals and titbits. Yet as usual he greeted his rescuers with frantic delight, and returned home, barking, as though reunion with us had been his only thought all day. On this occasion we were so relieved to get him back that we had not even the heart to reproach him.

More usually he was punished for his escapades. This usually took the form of a horrible penance called "Black Hole," in which he was banished, amid minatory noises, to a woodshed or cupboard and left there for ten minutes, half an hour or even longer according to the heinousness of his crime and the degree of exasperation aroused by his misbehaviour. This was a very real punishment for a dog who lived every moment of his time with so great an intensity of feeling. I can still see the look of dejection and shame with which, at the dread words, "Black Hole!" he would creep to his place of captivity. Nor, once there—for he was the manliest of beasts—did he ever howl or try to



An outdoor portrait of Jimmy, about whom Arthur Bryant has written, "He may not have conformed to the pedantic requirements of any Breeding Society but, viewed purely as dog, he had everything proper about him."

escape, but remained, a picture of inconsolable dejection, with his head on the ground or pressed miserably against the door until his cruel punishment was over. Meanwhile, his jailors suffered quite as acutely as he, as they reflected on his misery and loneliness, until even his inexorable master could bear the thought of his imprisonment and the reproaches of the dog's tender-hearted mistress no longer, and hurried, with ill-concealed eagerness, to let him out. The scene of reconciliation that followed always recalled for me the lines of a Victorian song in which, after summoning comrades brave and true to help him "set his true love free" from the prison in which her parents had incarcerated her, the singer described, with tremulous passion, the moment of rescue and

the greeting fair
That passed there
'Twixt my true love and me.

Usually it took several minutes of petting before the dog's self-confidence could be restored and he became once more his eager, assured self.

For under the self-confidence and even arrogance that the possession of a home had given him was the remembrance of what it was to be unloved and homeless, and to his dying day I do not believe Jimmy ever lost this deep-seated realisation. It made the bond between him and those who had given him a home stronger than the usual bond between dog and man, and anything that seemed to threaten it struck at the roots of his being. I shall never forget the look of terror that came over him once when, hunting on a roadside heath during a halt on a car journey far from his home and familiar haunts, he had to be recalled by the sound of the horn: the fear that we would go without him and condemn him once more to a life of solitary wandering made him suddenly forget, in that agonised moment, even the presence and smell of imminent rabbits. And on another occasion when he had been taken to a London dog-shop to be clipped and had been left, perhaps injudiciously, to be called for, he was found two hours later as if shell-shocked, unable for a while to take his bearings or to know where he was.

Jimmy had two other great pastimes—the chase and fighting. From running away he was gradually weaned, though it proved a painful process for all, until in the end his odysseys seldom went further than slipping out of one or other of the gates of the great walled garden of his post-war Dorset home, which, because of his weakness, were ordained to be kept permanently shut, and trotting up to the bailiff's cottage to have a snuffle round with his spaniel. But hunting remained his passion to the end, which was natural for a dog who before he found a home and a master had had to support himself by catching rabbits and other wild things on the Cornish cliffs. It was his misfortune that the master he chose was without even the most elementary of sporting instincts and hunted nothing at all. He did not even possess a gun: not that an uncontrollably excitable terrier would have been of much use to a gun-keeping master or have been welcomed, or even tolerated, in well-conducted sporting circles. But because of Jimmy's habit of running away, he was at first given far less opportunity for hunting than would ordinarily have come even a pet dog's way, and his genius in this line was only revealed to his new owners gradually. It was not till he had been with us for several months that he caught his first rabbit, snapping it up during a closely-conducted walk with his master as it emerged from a thicket two or three miles from home. Though it was almost half as large as himself, he insisted on bearing it back in his mouth like some enormous Victorian moustache, trotting ahead with the gait and pride of a Life Guard on escort duty. Nothing would induce him to put it down or let his master, with base thoughts of supplementing wartime rations, take it from him. His purpose in carrying it, it turned out, was twofold: first to display it to his mistress and then, this oblation of love made, to bear it off into a private corner of the garden and eat it, very slowly and with much crunching and crackling, all but the tail and ears. But owing to the restrictions of wartime existence and his master's frequent absences from home, few rabbits came the little Nimrod's way during the first three years of his confined domestic existence. His chief sporting outlet in this period of his life lay in our neighbour's manure-heap, always well found with game of a minor kind, and in an old haystack a couple of hundred yards from the house where his mistress took him for a ramble two or three times every day and where an enormous colony of rats had established themselves. It was so full of them that, when struck with a stick, it quivered and squeaked. Into this, as soon as released from his lead, Jimmy, barking furiously, would shoot like a torpedo, completely disappearing for many minutes while the stack shook and resounded and outraged rats shot out in all directions. How many of his enemies he accounted for in these visitations it was impossible

to say, but when at last he emerged and permitted himself to be escorted home, it was with bloodstained marks of victory about him, breathless, dusty and almost suffocated with hay-seeds. Indeed, as a matter, I have never seen his equal. Some years later, when we were living in a house whose adjoining farm buildings—separated from it by the exigencies of war and post-war legislation—were so overrun by rats as to become a nuisance, a slightly incredulous Rodent Officer was converted in two dramatic minutes to a full acceptance of our contention by the device of letting Jimmy off the lead a hundred yards from a suspected barn and watching him race towards it and hurl himself, barking like a machine-gun, against its door, which, when opened, revealed a scene of swirling rodent activity unsurpassed since the days of the Pied Piper and in the course of which Jimmy, admitted at last to a hunting paradise against whose portals he had vainly battered for weeks, accounted for three splendid tuskers in as many seconds.

Twice in his life with us this astonishing hunter, denied the outlet he had enjoyed as a wild stray on the lonely Cornish cliffs, caught a pheasant on the wing, in each case racing at high speed towards it as it sped low across a moor and then leaping high into the air to seize it. But it was not till after the war when the writer took an ancient house and garden left derelict by the Army on the Dorset coast and started to restore them that the dog, as a hunter, came into his own. By this time he must have been eight or nine years old and may even have been more, for we never, of course, knew his exact age. The house had been empty for many months and, being surrounded by what had been a wartime gunnery range and therefore out of bounds to humans, it and its ancient walled gardens had become a sanctuary for wild animals. When we first saw it there was a large pool of water in the staircase hall under its beautiful Georgian staircase, and one of Jimmy's earliest "bags" was a toad, which to our horror he discovered in this unexpected lacustrine haunt. I say with horror, because we were unaware that he had found it, and when he suddenly appeared at our side frothing at the mouth, assumed that he had picked up poison and telephoned the nearest vet.

Later after we had moved into the place we began to realise what a wealth of sporting opportunities we had unwittingly provided for our fiery little pet. They abounded both inside and outside the house, for while in the garden there were rabbits, squirrels, snakes—including adders—hedgehogs, stoats, badgers and birds innumerable, the interior of the house was rich in animal life of a more domestic kind, mice, rats, bats, toads, as well as plenty of nesting things in the chimneys. And as the gardens had high walls round them and were several acres in extent and as there was a little trap-door about eighteen inches high leading into the garden, and apparently made for dogs, in the Queen Anne panelling of the room in which we usually sat, through which Jimmy was free to wander at will whenever he chose, even our sedentary, unsporting life came for a time to offer all that a dog could desire. He would be in and out fifty times a day, disappearing for long periods from sight except, perhaps, for an ecstatic little tail, as he burrowed in the wilderness at the foot of the garden after a distracting and never-failing

variety of living things. And at night as we sat reading by the great bolection moulded marble fireplace, he would sit, intent, by a mouse-hole in a corner of the panelling with his head cocked on one side, awaiting with the utmost patience the emergence of the "pitter-pats," as we mutually called them, whom he well knew were only a few inches away. Occasionally he would breathe heavily into the hole to make them more aware of his presence and encourage them to come into the open. Yet once he had retired for the night, satiated after the long day's sport, he insisted on a close season; on one occasion when his mistress was awoken in the night by a mouse investigating a biscuit-box on her bedside table, Jimmy's only reaction, when awoken, was a sleepy stare at this after-hours intruder whom at any other time he would have snapped up instantaneously.

Gradually, as we mastered the wild and the garden was transformed into trim-cut lawns and borders, the opportunities for hunting within the domain dwindled and the garden lost its interest for Jimmy. Fortunately by then he was growing old and was content to lie in the sun watching his master's unaccountable and apparently useless activities with paper and pencil. But walks on the down behind the house remained a perpetual delight, for the place swarmed with rabbits, and when the summit was reached and the whole of Dorset, the Isle of Wight and half the Channel were spread out in panorama before a little dog and his master, the former would throw his head back with joy as he inhaled the air—so reminiscent of the Cornish cliffs of his youth—and then race away among the gorse bushes and bracken slopes to hunt to his heart's



A late study of dog and master: a photograph taken in 1955 of Arthur Bryant—now beardless—with the elderly Jimmy, in the grounds of his Dorsetshire home.

Photograph by Clayton Evans.

content. Sometimes, among the burrows, he would start a hundred rabbits, and even as he grew old,

shorter in wind
As in memory long

and straight pursuit was no longer availing, he would sometimes unexpectedly catch a rabbit as it ran, in the general pandemonium, straight into his mouth. A true sportsman, he always gave warning of approach and when in pursuit often missed his prey, owing to his chivalrous habit of barking as he drew near the rabbit's tail, thus causing a diminution of his own pace and an additional stimulus to his quarry to move quickly. Nor would he take advantage of an enemy's misfortune; on one occasion when on a walk he found a rabbit in an iron trap, he stopped short, turned the other way and solemnly watched his unsporting master release the poor beast, making not the least attempt to pursue it as it hobbled away into the undergrowth. As for himself, he was always game when, as sometimes happened, his eagerness led him into trouble. There was one dreadful time when he unaccountably vanished during an evening walk in a wooded park. After an hour trying to solve the mystery of his disappearance, it occurred to his master that he might have got trapped inside a tree; and, sure enough, after an anxious examination of the bases of a number of ancient oaks, a small, palpitating black nose was discovered peeping out of a tiny aperture in the bole of a twisted oak. The dog had obviously entered from a larger hole on the other side but had been unable to turn, and but for our fortunate discovery, would have died a horrible death. While his mistress lay outside the hole whispering encouraging words to the panting little captive within, his master hurried home to arouse the neighbours, who later arrived with axes, spades and picks. But when their efforts were at last crowned with success and an apparently exhausted dog emerged through the exit they had so laboriously enlarged, he immediately raced round to the hole by which he had entered the tree and plunged in again.

Even in London, where much of the second half of his long life was spent, Jimmy succeeded in finding game. Against the cats and pigeons who made use of the small back-garden behind his metropolitan home he waged a spirited war, rushing downstairs and along a slippery corridor to the door of the room which opened on to this small paved pleasure whenever he scented a roving pussy below and throwing himself against it until it was opened, after which he would dash into the garden like a rocket, barking furiously. Once in his old age, when his mistress returned late and awoke him from his mournful sleep on her bed for his wonted goodnight visit to the garden, he broke a leg through the eagerness with which he flung himself at the garden door before there was time to open it.

As for Hyde Park, which happily for him was only a hundred yards or so from his London home, it abounded, in his belief, in game of a kind, even though every other dog in the place was quite unaware of its existence. There were no rabbits in the Glen in those early post-war years, otherwise he would certainly have found a way to get through the railings and be after them, but one summer he discovered that the fenced-in space at the eastern end of the Serpentine contained a nest of rats and every morning he would wade or swim round the railings at the end and spend a few minutes barking and digging ferociously until we were able to retrieve or coax him out. And he persisted in believing that a venerable elm stump at the edge of the old Exhibition Ground was a repository of mice, despite repeated evidence to the contrary. As for His Majesty's ducks, we were never quite sure that he might not make a dive at one as it waddled unsuspecting across his path and had to guard carefully against such treasonable activities. On more than one occasion we were only just in time to avert a grievous civic crime.

But Jimmy's more usual London offence was fighting. In his earlier days in the metropolis, for all our efforts to prevent him, he repeatedly broke the King's peace. Like Winifred Letts' "Tim," he was "a massacre dog that knew no fear," and trailed his coat everywhere. He loved fighting dearly and, with any dog larger than himself, would engage at the slightest provocation. His mistress, who detested such warfare, scarcely dared to let him off the lead in the Park and, when she did, was repeatedly a participant in scenes of the most distressing violence and uproar. He enjoyed a greater liberty with his master, who as a result of much painful effort—painful for both dog and master—had managed to instil some imperfect degree of obedience into an animal who, after his early life of freedom, had not, at first, even an elementary idea of what obedience meant. Yet though as a result his master could walk him through the Park without a lead, it was only at the price of ceaseless vigilance and much explosive shouting that this little universal challenger could be halted before he hurled himself on his selected prey. Left to himself he would race towards some other dog spied from afar—the larger the better—and, if the other animal showed the slightest sign of opposing him or of resenting his one-sided approaches, he would take it as a mortal insult, bare his terrifying fangs and set about the unaccommodating stranger. When this occurred, which in his younger days it usually did if I relaxed my watch on him for an instant, old ladies, whose darlings he had insulted and attacked, would shake their umbrellas at me as I arrived, breathless and hoarse, at the scene of the encounter. Gradually as he became more accustomed to urban life, his manners became more civilised, and I could then usually trust him to refrain from fighting provided I pretended not to notice him and called him, sharply and categorically, at the precise moment when my doing so gave him the chance to end the encounter without loss of dignity—a matter which was obviously of immense importance to him. Provided the other dog was prepared to accept the fact that the bristling exchange of compliments was now at an end, a gradual and stately withdrawal took place,

after which, following a valedictory and exceedingly high tilt of the leg, he would rejoin me at a brisk pace.

All this may give a false impression of Jimmy and suggest that he was an ill-tempered dog. Yet, provided his dignity was not affronted, he was the most friendly of creatures and would wag his stern ecstatically at any dog he liked. Towards puppies and almost all dogs smaller than himself he was long-suffering and gentle, and his anger, I think, was only aroused when he felt that the place he had so suddenly acquired in the universe—that of an important and cherished dog, with all the favours and privileges showered on him by an adoring master and mistress—was being challenged; then he was instantly up in arms. He could never, I suspect, wholly shake off the memory of the days when he was a homeless stray seeking food on the Cornish cliffs and an outlaw to be driven off by every farm-dog whose meal or shelter he had hoped to share. I can account in no other way for the contrast between his intensely affectionate nature and the sudden fury with which he would assert his independence and pride. Once—it was only a year or two after his roving days ended—we took him to stay in a Welsh farmhouse where thirteen farm-dogs were kept. The memories that this clearly aroused in him made our departure in the morning and our return at night a major military operation. It could only be effected at all by one of us carrying him forcibly while the other kept off the insulted farm-dogs at whom, struggling to be free, he continuously barked a ferocious challenge to battle. That he would have taken on the lot had we allowed him, whatever the consequences, I have not the slightest doubt. Turning tail was not in Jimmy's nature; when a huge bull-mastiff—a notorious fighter—once unexpectedly set on him from behind and all but killed him before he could be made to relax his grip, the little terrier, blinded and torn, rushed back at the aggressor and, had he not been prevented, would have fought to the death. Nor did the experience which all but proved fatal deter him from his perennial readiness for battle. Only age and the growth of tolerance that came with age did that.

It is all so long ago now that it is difficult to recreate Jimmy as he was in his fighting days. I recall rather the years of dignity and consequence, when he had no need to assert himself and had become the admired friend of all who knew him—the central figure of two homes, a host to all visitors, particularly those who came to dinner and whose arrival he anticipated by working himself up into a prophetic frenzy of excitement despite every attempt to keep him quiet, a familiar and honoured figure in Hyde Park and on the roads of Purbeck which he travelled seated—or, rather, standing—on his master's knee, barking imperiously at everyone and everything who it seemed to him stood in need of barking at and occasionally flying over the back seat, still barking, to complete the discomfiture of some bewildered wayside dog whom he had signalled out for this mark of his passing displeasure. His love of the car—an aged and rather disreputable-looking Daimler which had once had the unlikely distinction of carrying Sir Bernard Docker about the country on wartime journeys—grew with the years until it became his favourite spot on earth, dearer even, it seemed to us, than his mistress's bed. When in his last years some biological change in the bone-structure of his ears—or, possibly, a memory of the blitzes of his forgotten puppyhood—caused him to develop an unaccountable and quite insensate terror of gun-fire that turned his beloved Dorset home, a few miles from the Bovingdon tank-range, into a place of horror so that even when the guns were not firing he lay trembling under bed or sofa awaiting their dreaded sound, the only comfort we could offer him, until in despair we gave up visiting the place altogether save when the gunners were on holiday, was to hurry him to the car and shut him up in it. Here and here alone he felt safe or comparatively safe. And in earlier days with what joy he ensconced himself on top of the luggage at their start before leaping on to his master's knee and pressing his nose against the windscreen while the latter struggled, regardless of a wagging tail in his face, to write an article or memorandum!

Perhaps the most poignant of all memories of this beloved companion is that of the intense anxiety, and, when anxiety gave place to the knowledge that he was not to be left behind, joy with which he set out on journeys. Long before the hour of departure he would have mounted guard on the piled luggage in the hall, passionately resolute not to be left behind. Indeed, as he grew older it became quite impossible to leave home without him. And when train journeys—a far more comfortable mode of travelling with him as companion—succeeded car journeys, with what joy and eagerness, despite old age and infirmity, did he stand in the taxi, swaying on his master's knees as it sped towards Waterloo, and with what tremendous barking, still remembered by the porters there, he entered that station, temporarily drowning every sound in the vast echoing space but his own triumphant announcement of his coming. That so much noise could come from that minute, frail white form was something of a miracle.

I like to think that at the crack of doom I shall hear that sound again. That inseparable friend of so many years—or rather, the casket containing his ashes—lies now beneath the turf of a West Country lawn looking down a valley where Dorset and Wiltshire meet and in whose woods he had often hunted rabbit, fox and badger. Gone are the sad last memories of vet and injection and the growing pain and infirmity of those last years—so bravely and patiently borne. There only remains the recollection of an unquenchable vitality and capacity for life, above all for love and loyalty, and of something which for want of a better word I can only call nobility. True to his nature as a dog—fierce, independent, proud and predatory—he displayed towards the humans who had befriended him a trust, a selfless tenderness and devotion that nothing could alter and which, as much as any experience of life, has convinced me that, in some mysterious way beyond our understanding, love is eternal.

[THE END.]

"GHOULIES AND GHOUSTIES" OF ENGLAND.

by Robert Aickman

Illustrations by Juliet Pannett.

THE more seriously you take them, the more irritating they prove to be.

It is a commonplace of English rural life for a mixed party of fourteen or fifteen to be taking tea under the chestnut at the corner of the former rectory garden; and for an empty wicker chair suddenly to be noticed, with by it an untouched cup, an uncrumbled biscuit. No one can recall who had been seated there only five, three, two minutes before. Undoubtedly a ghost; a ghost of whose ghostliness, as in Edith Wharton's incomparable story of that name, one becomes aware only afterwards.

Wherever a tractor bursts through to a big brick drain, there you have a secret passage whereby the monks of old got at the nuns ten miles away and on the other side of the estuary. If there remain any maidservants in the new English prairielands, heavy pursuing steps down the forgotten short-cut lane must follow as the night the day. Many are the costly cottages in which the corgi bristles from nose to tail three times a night, and froths at the mouth as often as once a fortnight.

But go expressly to seek the supernatural, and nothing will occur; not even if you stay up every night for five years. There is no better way to feel flat and foolish. A ghost is glimpsed through the crack between preoccupation and slumber. For this reason, there are more ghosts in Great Britain than anywhere else. For this reason as well, all truly scientific ghost-hunting organisations suffer one of three fates: they conclude there is nothing in it, and become ghosts themselves by discouragement; they are accused of charlatanry and imposture (as in the case of my late friend, Harry Price); or they take to investigating the murky and totally different phenomena of spiritualism and metaphysics.

Then again it is *extremely* difficult to publish what you hit upon; because to say a house is haunted is slanderous, and seriously detrimental to the rateable value. The notorious Borley Rectory, with its eleven bedrooms and three acres (not to speak of the life-size alabaster monks in the dining-room), was purchased for £500 after six or seven years of alleged paranormal infestation (some of it, admittedly, tending to mayhem). Properly to report upon a haunting, one has almost to buy the freehold; and even then one can be accused of lowering the tone (*i.e.*, open-market value) of the neighbourhood. It was many years before Asylum Road, Peckham, recovered its full auction-room popularity after the affair of the old woman on the stairs at No. 2, Kent Villas (1853-54): "I came down the top flight of stairs, and right in front of me stood the old woman in the doorway of mother's bedroom. I stood, too frightened to move, especially as I had to pass her to reach the lower staircase. If I saw her face now, after all these years, I should know it. The hair was very dark and smooth; the one eye not covered by the shawl was turned up, and the face like death. It had the look I have since seen on the faces of the dead." (The witness, Mrs. Compton, was nine years of age at the time.)

Particularly restricting is the law, in my experience, when we wish to deal with what are known as Elementals. Elementals are, it is thought, exceedingly primitive entities: they squat in a single place, and to stare full at one, even in the dusk (though it seems that occasionally they appear also in the fullest horror of daylight), is instant insanity. For this reason, no one knows exactly what an Elemental looks like. A prominent British statesman who had a great interest in psychics (many will know who he was) went with others to visit the Elemental that occasionally materialises in the cellar of a Somerset manor (which I must not name): one of the party looked too long, and was never at all the same man. The statesman never visited another Elemental.

When, during the late war, I used to visit Hertfordshire's Art Colony at Chipperfield, and buses were few and early (though not so few and early as to-day), the girls of the village were complaining that there was a



"It had the look I have since seen on the faces of the dead."

place on the road from King's Langley where they felt cold and frightened. Only years later did an authority on Elementals mention to me quite by chance that the nearest one to London stood beside the Chipperfield—King's Langley road. He defined the precise spot. Of course, it was the same spot. I could point to it now, but I smell the faint, stale odour of the Law Courts. I shall risk the simple statement that the spot is nearer to King's Langley; much nearer.

There is a major Elemental infestation in a churchyard about five miles from Northampton; though the thing only appears in the small hours of the morning. Not far from the village there are always gipsies: the spiteful persecution of gipsies by local authorities is another good reason for changing the subject. But the rule is this: when you think you see an Elemental, look away *at once*. To meet, in particular, its eyes, is spiritual suicide.

Yes, there are rules: though too few of them for either ease or safety on the job. The now despised Price compiled "The Blue Book" for the guidance of investigators at Borley; and, peculiarly, copies have acquired a very high value in the sale room. (Even copies of his first book on the Rectory, "The Most Haunted House in England," in which "The Blue Book" is reprinted, are by no means cheap, or easy to come by.) This is what to do when you encounter an apparition, and well would it be if more knew it: "Do not move, and on no account approach the figure. If the figure speaks, *do not approach*, but ascertain name, age, sex, origin, cause of visit, if in trouble, and possible alleviation. Ask figure to return, suggesting exact time and place. Do not move until figure disappears. Note exact method of vanishing. If through an open doorway, quietly follow. If through solid object (such as wall), ascertain if still visible on other side."

Samuel Wilberforce, the nineteenth-century Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, relates in his Memoirs that, when a Canon, he was staying in a Roman Catholic household in Hampshire. While descending to dinner, he passed on the stairs a monk, but attached little importance to the encounter. Later in the evening, however, he happened to mention it; when another guest assured him that he had seen the family ghost, that of a confessor who no very great time before was understood to have died in distressing circumstances. Very late that night, Wilberforce was reading alone in the library, when he became aware that the same figure had appeared in the room. Wilberforce neither moved nor spoke, but watched the apparition advance to a certain part of the bookcase, where its face assumed an expression of great unease. Wilberforce, still without moving, asked if he could be of any help. The figure replied that it sought a dossier of papers which had been hidden behind the frieze at the top of

the bookcase, and which contained family secrets of the most dreadful character. Wilberforce mounted the library stepladder and found the dusty bundle. The apparition then directed that he forthwith cast it on the fire. Wilberforce did so, and before combustion was complete, realised that the monk had disappeared. Coming from the pen of a nineteenth-century bishop, this has often been described as the best authenticated ghost story on record. Certainly Wilberforce complied in an exemplary degree with the rules in "The Blue Book."

The apparition of Dr. Wilberforce himself appeared to four good witnesses at the time of his death on July 19, 1873. The Bishop had long wished to visit Wooton, the home of the Evelyn family (including John Evelyn), near Dorking; and he was seen looking in at the dining-room window by two Evelyns and two others, and identified by all of them, at the moment when, as was later learned, he fell fatally from his horse, two miles away.

In Japan ghosts have no feet, just as in Europe you can always tell a vampire by the circumstance that fine hair grows in the palms of his hands. An old lady I used to know was dressing one night for dinner; commonly, on the evidence, a prime hour of the twenty-four for the intervention of the occult. She sat, as she had done so often, regarding herself in the large looking-glass of her dressing table by the misty glimmer of a single old-fashioned light, elegant in polished brass and pink silk. In the glass was imperfectly shadowed the big wardrobe which stood against the wall at an angle behind her. While she considered her reflection, she noticed something unusual: the door of the wardrobe seemed to be slowly opening. In the end, a shape began to emerge. The old lady turned, and saw that from the wardrobe was coming what she described as a Horizontal Woman. It was 3 ft., perhaps, from the floor, and floated out, face upwards, with vague hanging draperies; something like the hypnotic victim levitated from her couch by Maskelyne and Devant. But what really appalled the old lady, so that she instantly fainted, was the fact that the white upturned face of the Horizontal Woman had no eyes, nor even eye-sockets; nothing but pale, smooth skin from brow to cheekbone. It was in an eighteenth-century square in Chelsea that this happened, but I must not name it.

These blank-featured entities can be very alarming. One is said to haunt the parish church at Highworth, in Wiltshire. The then Master of Balliol first called attention to it in 1910; when one of four concurrent witnesses testified that "What struck us all simultaneously was that instead of having an ordinary face the figure had a featureless grey blank, though where the eyes should have been were sunken dark shadows. It was by the open door, where the light was very bright. This is the barest statement and gives no idea of the horrible impression made." Sir Noel Arkell reported that the figure was seen by the verger as recently as 1938.

I myself was looking over the shoulder of a friend, at her reflection in a dressing-table glass. She was young, beautiful, and in evening dress. But not all of this did the glass show me: it showed me the evening dress, but the wearer, though palpably the same person, was a grey-haired old woman. It lasted for a number of seconds. She saw it herself, and was greatly disturbed. The whole thing was far worse than the night when, with a Czech engineer, I waited in the ruined dining-room at Borley Rectory for the nun to walk and there was the biggest and longest thunderstorm of my life. None the less, one man's horror is another man's yawn. Nothing is more personal than fear.

It is surprising also how many people in England are found burned to death in bed, with the bedclothes unscorched, intact. Black, shrivelled, and strangely shrunk, they emerge like millenia-old mummies. Officially, such cases (like many other odd things) tend to be hushed up and accounted for by natural causes; but no convincing explanation seems to be available. There was a small epidemic of these deaths in Sussex about thirty years ago; perhaps eight or ten of them.

The man responsible for the best waterway photographs ever taken was navigating the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal with his wife some years ago. They moored one hot afternoon in the lovely area near Otherton, famous for its owls. The photographer was plying his craft some distance away and out of sight, when his wife, at work in the galley, noticed a small boy on the towpath. He looked savage, hairy, and extremely ragged; a boy from a drawing by Cruikshank. The two of them simply stared at one another—for a long time. Then the boy turned

and slowly ambled off. The wife reported the occurrence to her husband; then more or less forgot about it.

The next day, towards Great Haywood, a few miles further down the canal, the same events repeated themselves; but this time the wife, alone on the little boat, first saw the boy when she looked up and observed his face pressed quite flat against the galley window. His aspect was inhuman and animal. She lost her head. Screaming at him, she made threatening, slaughterous motions. Again, he slowly withdrew, but now backwards; instead of turning, he kept his eyes fixed upon her, and when a few yards off, he made a sinister gesture. He slowly extended towards her his ragged left arm, then the grimy index finger; and finally he sank his matted head on his left shoulder, and sighted at her along the arm. When the photographer returned, he found her prostrate.

That night he made enquiries in the pub. Oh yes, they said, we've heard about him: he's a wild boy, lives in hedges and haystacks, eats berries and birds, can't talk because he's never learnt. No one can tell where he came from, but we all know about him.

Only still further down the canal did the photographer and his wife learn that in previous generations also they'd all known about him.

In much the same area, and for miles around, the working boatmen tell of the man monkey, which looms over the parapet of bridges, and in a second is upon one's back, or, in former days, around the neck of the horse pulling one's boat. It has appallingly long arms, a black featureless face, and huge milk-white eyes. If one uses all one's strength against it, it can be worsted; but it seems to rely mainly upon surprise.

When I was a boy, a lock-keeper's cottage stood beside the Grand Union Canal, where the track to Whippendell Woods crosses the waterway at the Croxley Green end of Cassiobury Park, Watford. The place, not then smeared with red villas, was enchantingly secluded, and Frederick Delius had resided above the weir. Some years ago the cottage was demolished, and its site given over to brambles and broken bottles. This was why.

When the Duke of Bridgewater's canal digging traversed the Chilterns, a certain landed lady took exception. After all, it was as if the roaring, howling motorway had come to disturb the peace.

When the actual boats began to ply, with their rough, wild crews (as she regarded them), she contrived to insinuate a huge coloured man into the lock cottage, who was instructed to make himself a nuisance. There is proof that he succeeded: when a hollow tree in the park was cut down about thirty years ago, it was found to be full of windlasses. The coloured man had purloined or wrested from the boatmen these essential adjuncts to canal navigation.

In the end, a group of boatmen resolved to teach the Negro a lesson; and one night six or eight of the sturdy sufferers set upon him in concert. Most certainly they had not planned to

kill him; but they did.

His ghost walks at dusk; or, more accurately, bounds and leaps along the towpath to the northward, in a frenzy of primitive rage. You will notice that not only at dusk do the womenfolk on the painted boats send their children below and shut the cabin door until the next lock is reached.

The famous Screaming Skull at Bettiscombe Manor House, in Dorset, is the skull of a Negro, and has been so certified by anatomists. It screams intermittently by day and night if ever it is removed from the house, where it is normally kept at peace in a small box among the rafters, and away from the tourists.

The skull of Anne Griffith, who was murdered by highway thieves in the sixteenth century, is kept behind an arras at Burton Agnes Hall in the East Riding of Yorkshire; and immense disturbances of a familiar kind ensue, groanings and rappings and slammings, if ever it leaves the mansion.

Similarly with the Holy Head of Father Ambrose, secured in a niche on the stairway of Wardley Hall in Lancashire: all leases of the house prudently provide that it shall be neither abstracted nor concealed.

The noises are always much the same, though this does not necessarily make them more tolerable when one has to endure them; and from the first scientific records in the seventeenth century, the accounts are astonishingly similar. Always there are thumps, raps, and groans; foot-steps and thunderous noises, as of furniture being shoved about (the comparison occurs again and again); and the sound compared by the Wesleys to "the swift winding of a jack," or, by another member of the



"The figure had a featureless grey blank, though where the eyes should have been were sunken dark shadows."

family, to "the turning round of a windmill when the wind changes."

Between December 2 and the end of January 1716-17, the Wesleys' rectory at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, was subjected to one of the best documented of all poltergeist disturbances. Day-to-day accounts by several of the family were sent to the eldest son (John Wesley's elder brother) in London, and most sober, detailed and admirable they are; and at least three Wesleys compiled complete epitomes of the events, including John, who contributed three articles on the subject to *The Arminian Magazine* of October-December 1784. The din was appalling, and included such items as a noise "as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles." The mastiff "used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this, the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail" (John Wesley). The family acquired the habit of referring to the entity as Old Jeffrey; and it is an odd thing that the (phantom) Talking Mongoose which lurked in and around Doarlish Cashen, a remote farm in the Isle of Man, between 1931 and 1935, also stated that its name was *Gef*. I had a long talk with Miss Voirrey Irving, who resided all that time in the same house as this improbable entity, and should find it difficult to imagine a more convincing witness. Needless to say, *Gef*, though he seldom stopped talking, never said anything of the smallest value.

For reasons already alluded to, well-documented ghost stories tend to be of some antiquity. One of the best is the haunting of Hinton Ampner, a mansion in Hampshire. Mr. Ricketts, a business man from the West Indies, took a tenancy in 1765. The house was well known throughout the district to be haunted, but, as usual, no mention was made of this when there was business to be done. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts kept records of what they heard and saw; Mrs. Ricketts's brother, the naval hero, Lord St. Vincent (he was at the time Captain John Jervis), conducted a serious investigation, in company with a Captain Luttrell; and both the owner of the house, Lady Hillsborough, and Mr. Ricketts himself offered large rewards to anyone who could produce an explanation.

The house had long been believed to be haunted "by a man in a drab coat and a woman in a dark silk dress"; in fact, by the apparitions of a former owner, Lord Stawell, and of his sister-in-law, who was supposed to have died mysteriously after an intrigue with him. Rumour also alleged that Lord Stawell's bailiff, Isaac Machrel, had died through the toppling over of a woodpile, after he had acquired some sinister hold over



The horizontal woman floated out from the wardrobe.

his master, which led to the latter condoning gross fraud, inefficiency, and impertinence.

During the Ricketts, tenancy the two apparitions were frequently observed by good witnesses; and the sound of a woman and two men talking was a frequent phenomenon, though none could hear what they said. Five people clearly saw the woman in the silk dress rushing down a passage; and the sound of her dress (seemingly "of very stiff silk") was heard by many witnesses at all seasons. A servant in the house who had known the dead bailiff was three times summoned by his voice. The usual crashes, thumps, and footsteps were frequent, together with a sound "like the murmuring of the wind," which seemed to come from all parts of the house at once. Doors were constantly heard to slam, though never observed to open: a complete new set of locks made no difference; nor did a complete new set of servants. The day after Captain Jervis had completed his first investigation, "a peculiar crash was heard, followed by piercing shrieks, dying away as though sinking into the earth." In 1771 the captains reported that the house was unfit to live in; but Mrs. Ricketts, her husband being abroad at the time, remained a little longer, until one night, "I was assailed by a noise I never heard before, very near me, and the terror I felt not to be described." She then departed, but never vouchsafed details.

In 1772, a new letting was effected; this time to a family named Lawrence. The Lawrences "endeavoured, by threatening the servants, to stifle their statements"; but to no avail, because in 1773 the Lawrences themselves left. The house then proved impossible to dispose of, and in 1797 was unfortunately demolished.

It will be seen that the well authenticated disturbances at Hinton Ampner have proved a starting-point for many pieces of fiction. Apart from the classical quality of the occurrences, the most remarkable thing about them is their duration, and unintermitted intensity. There are other like cases, but most hauntings begin moderately, and occasionally rise to a climax, and slowly die away, until it is denied that they ever happened. It is, however, amazing what is sometimes seen: in 1925, when an officer on a P. and O. liner, the Assistant Bursar of Stowe School, in company with a superior officer, saw the ship of the *Flying Dutchman*, and made a sketch of her.

The ghost of Emily Brontë has been seen more than once on the long rough path from Haworth Parsonage, a place uniquely atmospheric among "literary shrines," to Far Withins, the original of *Wuthering Heights*, and so remote that the Keighley Corporation, its present owners, cannot



"He kept his eyes fixed upon her and, when a few yards off, he made a sinister gesture."

find a tenant for it. From time to time they see her, as her friend, Mary Robinson, described her, "a tall, long-armed girl, elastic as to tread; with a slight figure that looked queenly in her best dresses, but loose and boyish when she slouched over the moors, whistling the dogs, and taking long strides over the rough earth." They see her, shrug their shoulders, and hurry back to the friendly undemanding TV.

In the streets of Burnley there is a dog named *Shriker*. First one hears it distantly moaning. Days or weeks or even months later, one glimpses it, but uncertainly and as if by mistake. In the end, one sees it distinctly; and then one is about to die. At that stage, if, once the dog is seen, the eyes of the beholder are averted, it is there no longer when one looks again. Sometimes its motion is also heard: even on the driest day it seems to splash as it pads along; as if it walked in water.

Similarly, in Norfolk and Suffolk, to see *Black Shuck*, even once, means that your death is near. He is a dog with "a single eye which burns like a lantern," and as he paces the winding night lanes (he is never seen by day), he wails like a banshee.

And along the devastated highways of England flit the phantom horses and their riders; perhaps even amid the coach tours. There is a

starlit summer night my father and his friend sat late on deck, talking and smoking.

About an hour after my father had turned in, he was awakened by a tremendous, inexplicable crash. He supposed that the ship had been run into, or the mast had fallen down. And he had the most intense need to run for the light.

As he was in the cabin of a yacht the light consisted in one small dim porthole. My father turned and stepped out into the corridor. There he collided with the friend, who had been similarly awakened, and who had felt the same urge to run for the light.

They ascended to the deck. It remained a clear, starry night. There was no other boat in sight. The mast was intact. There was no explanation at all. By far the most remarkable thing was that the whole crew was still asleep. Both my father and his friend agreed that this was impossible, wholly unnatural.

They were sufficiently impressed and disturbed to make enquiries on shore the next morning. Had a meteorite fallen? Had an arsenal exploded? The local people would admit to neither. A week or two later the voyage ended.



"Emily Brontë has been seen more than once on the long rough path from Haworth Parsonage."

repeatedly authenticated one on the Pilgrim's Way, near Bearstead: he wears a wide-brimmed hat and, as all accounts agree, silver spurs, and he is the ghost of Mr. Duppa, who killed himself and his horse by riding at the closed iron gates at the end of the drive to Hollingbourne House. He is seen in full daylight, and only when quite close to him do witnesses realise that he is dead.

In the wide and unpopulated Welsh marches you will occasionally see figures stealing along the lanes with the skins of animals over their arms. They are the scant and secret survivors of the Old Religion, and they are on their way to a Coven. The Old Religion was, and is, by no means as black as it was painted, mainly because, as the believers themselves could not write, all the records of it were made by its worst enemies, the Christian monks. In fact, it was, on the whole, a cosy, friendly thing in a bleak and frightening world; and much in its practice was strikingly in accord with the more imaginative precepts of modern psychology. When the believers were forced out of their fastnesses in the seventeenth century, it was remarkable how many were willing to die as martyrs for their way of life in the vile so-called witchcraft trials. Oh, we never mention it, was and is the polite attitude to the Old Religion; which explains why we exclaim at food being left out for the fairies, smile at the numerous tales of the mortal who married a fairy, and suppose fairies to be fragile scraps of sunbeam and moonbeam from "Where The Rainbow Ends."

In 1906 or 1907, my father was taking a holiday on a friend's yacht. They employed a professional crew of three. One still,

At that time my father lived in Hampstead and the friend near Victoria Station. About six weeks after the voyage my father had another like experience: on a still summer night he went to bed late, and was shortly afterwards awakened by an immense unexplained crash, which made him want to run to the light. But this time the light consisted in a large open window. It was with difficulty, he realised, that he had prevented himself going through it.

Next day, much shaken, my father went to visit his friend. At first the friend refused to see him; sent down a message that he was unwell. But my father persisted, and forced his way in.

The friend was duly lying in bed. This was his story: "You remember that night on the yacht? The same thing has happened to me again. I went to bed late. I was woken by a horrible crash. I made for the light. I fell from the window. And here I am."

I acknowledge a deep and long-standing debt to (among other authorities):

- "Apparitions and Haunted Houses," by Sir Ernest Bennett, M.P.
- "Haunted Houses," by C. G. Harper.
- "Haunted England," by Christina Hole.
- "Lord Halifax's Ghost Book."
- "The God of the Witches," by Margaret Murray.
- Various works by Harry Price.
- Numerous reminiscences.

THE END.



A VICTORIAN CHILD IN FANCY DRESS: MILLAIS' FAMOUS AND DELIGHTFUL PICTURE "CHERRY RIPE."

The famous Millais painting of "Cherry Ripe" arose in the first place from the artist's delight in the fancy dress that a little girl, Edie Ramage, wore to a ball and that was copied from Reynolds's portrait of "Penelope Boothby." The original painting was shown last year in the Royal Academy exhibition of

Sir Joseph Robinson's collection. It had been kept in store till then. Reproductions of it sold in their thousands when it first came out in 1880, and it attained a phenomenal popularity. The charm of a little girl in a mob cap and mitteris caught the imagination of the public as it had that of the artist.

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THE ENCHANTING STORY OF LITTLE THUMBELINA WHO, AFTER MANY VERY STRANGE ADVENTURES, FINDS HER FAIRY PRINCE AND TRUE HAPPINESS.



1. THUMBELINA IS BORN: THE FLOWER OPENS AND A TINY GIRL APPEARS.

There once lived a woman who wanted a tiny child. So she went to a witch who gave her a magical barleycorn. It soon grew into a beautiful flower. When the woman kissed the petals they suddenly burst open. And there in the middle sat a little girl, no bigger than a thumb. The woman called her "Thumbelina" . . .



2. THE OLD TOAD TELLING THUMBELINA THAT SHE MUST MARRY HER UGLY SON.

... One night, as Thumbelina lay asleep, an old toad crept in and took her away. "What a fine wife for my son!" thought the toad. How sad Thumbelina was when she awoke in the morning on a leaf in the middle of a river and was croaked at by the toad and her ugly son! . . .



3. DRAWN BY A BUTTERFLY, THUMBELINA GLIDES DOWNSTREAM ON A LEAF.

... Poor Thumbelina cried, for she did not want to marry the ugly toad's even uglier son. The fishes took pity on her and nibbled the leaf free, so that it floated far, far away. Everything was so beautiful and a white butterfly flew down and drew Thumbelina along. How happy she was . . .



4. THE LADY COCKCHAFERS TURN UP THEIR FEELERS AT THUMBELINA.

... But a horrid cockchafer suddenly flew down and snatched Thumbelina up into a tree, where the lady cockchafers came and laughed at her, because she had only two legs and no feelers. They thought Thumbelina was so ugly that they flew down from the tree and put her on a daisy. How could they think such a beautiful girl was ugly! . . .



5. AT THE FIELD MOUSE'S HOUSE: HUNGRY THUMBELINA BEGS FOR FOOD.

... The whole summer Thumbelina lived alone in a forest. When the winter came she shivered with the cold. Just outside the forest was a field mouse's house. Thumbelina knocked at the door and begged for some food. She was very, very hungry, for she had not eaten for two days . . .



6. THE UNHAPPY THUMBELINA CURTSIES TO THE TIRESOME OLD MOLE.

... The kind field mouse said she could stay if she kept his house tidy. Then the mole came in his black, velvety fur coat. He soon fell in love with Thumbelina and told her to get ready to go with him down into the dark, cold earth. Thumbelina was very sad, for she did not want to leave the bright sunshine for ever . . .



7. THUMBELINA FINDS A SWALLOW IN THE OPENING OF THE MOLE'S TUNNEL.

... In the tunnel which the mole had dug there lay a dead swallow. Thumbelina was very sorry for him and wrapped him in cotton-wool. How surprised she was when she heard his heart beat! The warmth had brought him back to life. Thumbelina nursed him until he was strong enough to fly away again. . . .



8. THUMBELINA'S ESCAPE FROM THE FIELD MOUSE AND MOLE.

... The wedding time grew near and Thumbelina was very sad, as she did not want to live with the mole deep in the earth. But just as she was standing in the sunshine to say good-bye to it for ever, down flew the swallow and took her away to the hot lands where the purple grapes grew . . .



9. TIPTOE ON A PILLAR, THUMBELINA KISSES THE SWALLOW GOOD-BYE.

... They soon came to a white marble palace by the blue sea. The swallow flew down to a flower which grew by a broken pillar. And out of the flower stepped a Fairy Prince with a golden crown and beautiful wings. He asked Thumbelina to marry him, for she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. . . .



10. HAPPY EVER AFTER: THUMBELINA FLIES WITH HER FAIRY PRINCE.

... The Fairy Prince, who ruled over all the angels of the flowers, took off his crown and placed it on Thumbelina's head and she was given a pair of wings so she could fly from flower to flower. And Thumbelina said good-bye to the swallow who flew back from the hot land. And she and the Prince lived happily ever after.

SUPERBLY DRESSED IN THE RICH COSTUMES OF VARIOUS PERIODS: HIGH-BORN CHILDREN IN CLOTHES WHICH WERE A CHALLENGE TO THE ARTIST'S SKILL.



"PORTRAIT OF A BOY," FLORENTINE SCHOOL, 16TH CENTURY (161 by 14 in.). Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the National Gallery, London.



"THE MACDONALD CHILDREN," BY SARAH COCKFIELD, 1796 (18 by 14 in.). Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the National Gallery, London.

William Cobbett once said that "children naturally want to be like their parents, and do what they do." But perhaps it is equally true to say that it is the parents who naturally want their children to be like them. Both may always have been largely true, but—at least, in outward appearance—this imitativeness of children seems to have grown less true in modern times, as children's clothes have become distinct from those of their parents. In the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries particularly, children from wealthy and noble families throughout Europe dressed from the earliest (Continued opposite.



"Mlle. de Bethisy and her brother," by Belle (Alexis-Simon) (1674-1731), a French portrait painter trained by Francois de Troy. The children are probably aged about eight and six respectively, and it is interesting to note that the one on the right is really a boy. (52 by 41 in.). (Reproduced by courtesy of the Musée National, Versailles.)



"DON BALTASAR CARLOS IN INFANCY," BY VELASQUEZ (1599-1661): ONE OF A SERIES OF HIS PORTRAITS OF THE YOUNG PRINCE. (102 by 77 in.). Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the Wallace Collection, London.



"A CHILD PICKING A ROSE," BY C. WETTERER, DUTCH, A COPY OF TERBROUCK, AND A DUTCH PAINTER OF GERMAN ORIGIN (1612 by 11 in.). Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the Wallace Collection, London.

(Continued) age in costumes which were miniature replicas of those worn by their elders. As this habit coincided with an era when dress, especially male dress, was least and magnificent, it is scarcely surprising that painters of every country delighted in having children sit for them. Bronzino, Raeburn, Velasquez and countless other fine artists seem to have taken a particular pleasure in child-studies, and their pictures were not at all of "the infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," but paintings of children adorned with every frill and fancy that the age could provide.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS: THE AMAZING STORY OF A CLEVER AND CRAFTY CAT WHO WINS A TITLE—AND A PRINCESS—FOR HIS MASTER.



1. THE POOR MILLER'S SON LEAVING THE MILL WITH HIS CAT.

In a certain country a miller died and left to his first son his mill, to his second son his donkey, and to his third and youngest son his cat. Now the third son was very unhappy that his father had left him only a worthless cat. So he said to himself, "When I have eaten up the cat which my father gave me, what shall I do? I can only make a muf from its skin, and then I shall have to starve!" To make matters worse, the other brothers drove him out of the mill with his cat. . . .



2. AT THE COBBLER'S SHOP: PUSS WEARS HIS NEW BOOTS.

. . . The cat, who was very cunning, told his master that all would be well if he gave him a sack, and had a pair of boots made for him. So they went to an old cobbler, who worked in a shop in a tiny crooked street in the town. Now this cobbler could make boots to fit anyone. When the brother told him that he wanted some boots for his cat, the cobbler in no time made a beautiful pair of boots out of the finest leather. And from that day the cat was called by his master "Puss-in-Boots." . . .



3. PUSS-IN-BOOTS PRESENTING A RABBIT FROM HIS MASTER TO THE KING.

. . . When Puss-in-Boots had buckled up his boots he went off with his sack to a field where deep golden corn was growing, and where there were many rabbits. Puss hid deep in the corn with his open sack. Soon, a silly rabbit ran straight into the sack and Puss-in-Boots caught it. Now the cunning Puss wanted his master to be rich. So he gave his master the noble title of "Marquis of Carabas" and every day gave the King some rabbits or partridges as a gift from his master. . . .



4. PUSS STOPS THE KING'S COACH AND TELLS HIM HIS MASTER IS DROWNING.

. . . One day Puss-in-Boots heard that the King was going to take a ride in the Royal coach with his daughter along the river bank. The King's daughter was the fairest Princess in the world, and all the neighbouring Princes wanted to marry her. Now Puss-in-Boots told his master to bathe in the river, just where the coach would pass by. When the Royal carriage came near, Puss began to shout as loud as he could, "Stop! Stop! My noble master, the Marquis of Carabas, is drowning!" . . .



5. THE MILLER'S SON DRESSED IN THE FINE CLOTHES GIVEN TO HIM BY THE KING.

. . . The King looked out of his carriage and as soon as he saw the cat ordered his footman to stop. Puss-in-Boots ran up to the King and told him that while his noble master, the Marquis of Carabas, was bathing some wicked thieves had stolen his clothes. Of course, the wily cat had really hidden them under a large stone! The King ordered his footmen to go at once and fetch his finest clothes for the Marquis. And when the Princess saw the handsome miller's son, she fell deeply in love. . . .



6. PUSS-IN-BOOTS TALKING TO THE REAPERS MOWING THE MEADOW.

. . . The King asked the Marquis of Carabas to ride with him in his coach. Puss ran ahead until he met some reapers in a meadow, and told them that if they did not tell the King that the meadow belonged to the Marquis of Carabas, he would have them all chopped up. They were very frightened and told the King that the meadow belonged to the Marquis. This happened again when the coach passed by some harvesters. And the King marvelled at the vast lands of the Marquis. . . .



7. PUSS-IN-BOOTS ENTERING THE RICH MAGICIAN'S ENORMOUS CASTLE.

. . . Puss-in-Boots soon came to a fine castle. In this great castle there lived a rich magician. Now Puss-in-Boots knew that this magician could change himself into any kind of animal, from a lion to an elephant. So he walked across the drawbridge and asked the magician to change himself into an animal. . . .



8. PUSS-IN-BOOTS INVITING THE MAGICIAN TO CHANGE HIMSELF INTO A MOUSE.

. . . The magician changed himself into a huge lion! Poor Puss jumped straight on to the roof. Puss then shouted out, "I hear that you can turn into a very small animal. To tell you the truth, I think it's quite impossible!" The magician became angry and at once turned into a mouse. Puss soon caught him and ate him up. . . .



9. HAPPY EVER AFTER: THE KING, AND THE MARQUIS AND HIS PRINCESS, WALK UP THE CASTLE STAIRS TO THE WEDDING-FEAST.

. . . The Royal coach, which had been following, now came in sight of the castle. The King thought the castle was very fine and said he would like to visit its owner. When Puss heard the rumble of the coach on the drawbridge, he ran out and said, "Welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas!" The King was astonished that the castle, as well as all the lands they had passed through, belonged to the Marquis. Then they

all went inside to the great hall, where the magician had prepared a wonderful feast for his friends. The King was so delighted with the Marquis that he offered him the hand of his beautiful daughter. The Princess and the Marquis were, of course, overjoyed, and were married that very same day. And as for Puss, he became a great lord, but caught some mice from time to time.

From cut-outs specially made for "The Illustrated London News" by Lotte Reiniger.

From cut-outs specially made for "The Illustrated London News" by Lotte Reiniger.



"THE BRADSHAW FAMILY," BY ZOFFANY (1734-1810): A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT GROUP. (52 by 69 ins.)



"CHILDHOOD," BY LANCRET (1690-1743): A MORE FRIVOLOUS STUDY OF MANNERS AND DRESS. (13 by 17½ ins.)

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES OF TWO PERIODS: GROUP PAINTINGS BY ARTISTS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

So similar in subject, these paintings of children's gatherings are yet utterly different. From the brush of the Bohemian-born Zoffany, who spent many of his years in England, is the enchanting painting of the Bradshaw family, so sympathetic and natural

that it could well represent the ideal family group. With the French painter, Lancret, we have moved into a world of *fêtes galantes* and of mannered frivolity, equally charming but evocative of an age revelling in artificiality.

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"Just a young couple getting two children ready for bed."

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

by Marie Muir.

© 1959. MARIE MUIR

Illustrated by Alan Crisp.

LINDA was decorating the boat when she heard Joe Gregory come thudding in his sea-boots down the hard. Hanging the last tinkly silver bell in place with one hand and turning down the bottled gas to the oven with the other, she frowned, exasperated.

What she wanted to hear was the sound of oars in rowlocks—Harry, returning across the river after his overnight trip to London. If Joe came aboard and shared their precious chicken in that absent way of his, and sat yarning all night on Christmas Eve, she'd—well, she'd let him see at last how he irritated her, that was all! Just because he had sold them the boat, rented them a mooring here at Alersham for as much of the summer as they spent in home waters, and a berth alongside for the winter, he seemed to think he *owned* them, sometimes . . .

Easing herself past the narrow cabin table, festive with their best silver and glass, she was reaching for her duffel-coat to go on deck and ward him off when she realised the footsteps had stopped. Relieved, she relaxed—a slim, fair girl in scarlet slacks and a white sweater—beginning to listen for Harry again as she surveyed their floating home.

The bells and sprigs of holly looked lovely. Beyond, in their sleeping cabin, aft, she could see the red satin bows she had pinned on the pillows. Hard-sailing men like Joe and soft-living folk like her parents might say it was desecration and madness respectively to decorate a yacht, but everything Harry and she did was more or less mad, anyway. Probably he had been mad to dash up to town with his latest sketches yesterday, on the chance that it would pay off to catch the editor in a softened mood.

"Scrooge—that's him!" he had called up to her from the dinghy, clapping his town hat on firmly at a rakish angle before he rowed away into the morning mist. "Tiny Tim—that's me, and I seem to remember he had a ravening appetite, darling!"

So she had the Christmas dinner ready—for a surprise. They could have it all over again, warmed up, to-morrow. Her mother had wailed that she would never be able to cook on a boat, her father had gloomily prophesied disaster . . . but they had made a go of it, since their wedding. They were old sailors, now. *My linda*, which she thought a touching, if ridiculous, name, gleamed inside and out from stern to stern. They'd had a wonderful summer on the French coast, and when spring came they would follow the sun again. Spain, Portugal, Tangier . . .

She had squeezed a Spanish phrase-book into Harry's stocking. If her father sent a cheque, she meant to buy a set of records, too. Though they had argued about it, rather; Harry holding that a new jib was much more important.

Well, perhaps it was, she decided with a little wriggle of bliss. The thing was, they were *going*!

"But what about when you have children?" their friends always asked when they came aboard. She'd seen it in Joe's eyes, too—he didn't approve of real boats being used as houseboats in the winter. Holding that *My linda* ought to be shored-up under tarpaulins in his yard close by, he was suspicious; Harry and she had almost to hold their sides when she was knitting this very sweater, watching his expression when he first noticed the white wool. They didn't mean to have a family, yet . . .

There was a thump on the deck. A single, unfamiliar rap fell on the cabin door.

"Who's there?" she called sharply.

"It's me—Joe."

He had the door open and was stooping to come in before she could reach it. The rich chicken smell, all the brightness and glow and glitter

rushed out to meet him—rushed past into the night and were gone as soon as she saw his face. They met in a cramped, tawdrily-decorated little space—a big, rugged young man and a white, frightened girl.

"Linda," he said hoarsely, "I've been waiting up there—"

"Harry—?" she asked, from the back of a dry throat. But of course it couldn't be. *It couldn't—*

He said:

"Harry never got to London, Linda. Something must have run him down as he rowed over yesterday. It was thick on the other side. They found the dinghy on the mud at Moxon, and Harry not far away, early this afternoon."

Linda asked no questions. Her imagination supplied everything—there was nothing she had to say. It was only afterwards that she realised how she had stood staring at Joe Gregory; staring, staring . . . until the shock and pity in his face changed to alarm and, reaching for her coat, he huddled it clumsily round her, saying:

"Mother told me to bring you to the cottage. I'm not leaving you here!"

She remembered him screwing off the valve to the gas cooker with one hand while he held her with the other, switching off the electricity as he forced her up the companion steps down which Harry had carried her triumphantly eight months ago, slamming and locking the doors behind them with a sound as harsh and hollow as stones on a coffin lid. But after that she wasn't aware of anything—not even his kindness and his mother's; not even the arrival of her parents on Christmas morning; nothing—until she saw the tree and the decorations in the hotel they took her to, and realised it was fact, not nightmare . . . Harry had gone.

Joe came to her after the funeral. She heard her mother whispering to him not to upset her, and put her hands over her ears as she lay in bed; his voice reminded her too much of things she must utterly forget.

"I'd like to help you, Linda," he said, gripping her wrists with his hard, outdoor hands and pulling them down. "I was Harry's friend, remember. What do you want me to do with the boat?"

"Nothing," she said, and turned away. The boat was all she had left of Harry. She didn't want to see *My linda*, didn't want to remember her, even, but she wouldn't let her go . . .

After a moment he patted her shoulder and went away. She asked her mother afterwards to write and thank him for everything.

Her parents said nothing about *My linda*. Never a family for boats or Bohemian living, they were secretly rather relieved than otherwise that the experiment had ended and they could take her home. There, though her heart didn't heal, her body did—it was too young not to.

"There's the Wakefield girl," she heard someone say, the first time she drove into town with her mother. "Married an artist—it was tragic. I can't remember his name . . ."

After that, she began almost to welcome the letters that came from time to time addressed: "*Mrs. Harry Brent*." But presently there were no more; her friends were all near enough to telephone, and she was too sheltered in her parents' home to have business to do. Almost the last was from Joe Gregory:

"Would you like me to slip '*My linda*' and offer her for sale? I've had an enquiry for her . . ."

"Please leave the boat where she is," she wrote back. "I don't mind paying . . ."

Her life as Harry's wife was quite over. But she could not bring herself to take up the old life or make a new one. [Continued on page 32]



EGYPT



FROM NUDITY TO AN ACCOUNT OF CHILDREN'S

By James

Illustrated by E. H. Shepard, the well-known "Punch" artist

THEN early times, and even now in primitive communities, there is nothing eccentric in children's clothes, unless it be thought eccentric not to wear any clothes at all. Young children, at any rate, were left to run about entirely naked, and in reasonably warm climates this was surely the best arrangement. Even in historical times, if we may judge from the paintings in Egyptian temples, no clothes were worn until the age of puberty, and very few afterwards. Even the Ancient Greeks took a very similar view, and although boys and girls were provided from an early age with simple tunics and cloaks, both sexes exercised in their gymnasia completely naked. After all, that is what the word "gymnasium" means.

On the other hand, Babylonian and Assyrian children seem, from the scanty records available, to have been as completely swathed in fringed shawls as their elders. The Semite attitude was carried over into Christianity and the condition of children deteriorated still further for another reason also. The doctrine of Original Sin made it seem as if there were something regrettable in being a child at all. Parents and grown-up people generally were supposed to have overcome their natural tendencies to evil, and so were never tired of pointing out to the young that there was only one way for rational beings to behave, and that was to imitate their elders as closely as possible. The natural corollary was that they should dress like their elders, and so, for many hundreds of years, they did.

From this rule the Dark Ages provided a happy exception. When the greater part of the world reverted to barbarism, the children of peasants were once more free to run about naked. They probably did so in this country at least into Anglo-Saxon times; but when the records become plentiful again at the end of the Middle Ages, we find little notion of a special dress for children. In the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, it was taken for granted that the children of those who could afford the expense should resemble miniature replicas of their parents. This was certainly true of the girls and the older boys, but with younger boys the case was slightly different. The tendency to dress young boys as girls is found all over the world, and was operative in our own country as late as the beginning of the present century if in a modified degree. The present writer has a photograph of himself in petticoats at an age when the little boy of to-day would certainly have been "breched."

Anthropologists seem to think that the reason for this was the quaint notion that the evil spirits menacing the life of young children thought more highly of boys than of girls and were therefore more eager to do them injury. But the spirits were also stupid enough to be deceived by feminine or semi-feminine garments and so were induced to leave the boys alone. It is hard for us to think ourselves back into the state of mind which this implies, but it certainly influenced the costume of male children for many generations. Even King Louis XIV. wore skirts until long after babyhood; and to this day some of the male peasant costumes of Holland show feminine elements persisting until the age of about twelve.

Apart from this curious aberration, the rule holds good that the children of the upper classes at least in Western Europe were dressed as replicas of their elders until the middle of the 18th century. Perhaps little girls suffered most. From the tenderest years their delicate bodies were encased in boned corsets; sometimes they



PANTAULETTES: COSTUME THROUGH THE AGES.

Laver

and illustrator of "Winnie the Pooh" and many other books.

were compelled to sleep in them in order that in later life they might have the slender waist which was so much admired. Small wonder that they grew up languid and listless even if they were lucky enough to escape curvature of the spine. Boys did not suffer from that particular restriction, but no healthy young male could possibly enjoy being rigged out in silk stockings, satin breeches and embroidered coat. Perhaps the sword at the side was the only part of the get-up the boy liked.

No one thought of this as an eccentricity of children's dress at the time, but we are surely entitled to think it so to-day, since we have reached a point where we have reached, a more rational attitude to the problem of bringing up the young.

Before the second half of the 18th century, therefore, the eccentricities of children's dress are a reflection of the eccentricities of grown-up attire. The square shoes and enormous sleeves of Henry VIII were worn by boys also, once they had put away petticoats. The upper-class young Elizabethan had his neck encased in a ruff, while his sister's body was squeezed with a busk and grotesquely extended by a farthingale. Did the grown-up Cavalier drip with lace, his younger contemporary was almost as bedizened, and at the end of the 17th century little girls were given a "fontange" or top-knot almost as tall as those of their mothers.

The coming of the perwig in the reign of Charles II brought in a new problem. How strange it is that for a century after 1670 every civilised man in Europe shaved off his own hair and put on a wig, sometimes of gigantic proportions. Here at least boys did have a certain advantage, for in general they were allowed to keep their own hair dressed to resemble a wig and even, sometimes, dusted with powder. Little girls, less fortunate, had no sooner got rid of the towering head-dresses of Queen Anne's reign than they were required to assume the hoops and panniers of the following fashion.

And then, anticipating the French Revolution by a generation, there was a real revolution in children's clothes. It was in 1762 that Jean Jacques Rousseau, who had already, a dozen years before, startled the polite world by his defence of "the noble savage," brought out his novel, "Émile." It is indeed more of a treatise than a novel, as the sub-title, "De l'éducation," shows, and in it Rousseau proclaimed the theory, far more startling in the 18th century than it would be to-day, that the untutored child is often a nobler being than one who has been subjected to the rigours of a conventional upbringing.

The proposition is debatable, but at least it had the good effect of suggesting to the parents and educationists of the day that perhaps children might be considered as having needs quite different from those of mature persons. No doubt it was all part of the general movement of Romanticism, part of the sensibility which was becoming increasingly the fashion, part of the impulse which led Marie Antoinette to dress up as a milkmaid and pretend to tend the cows at the Petit Trianon. At all events, it led to a considerable modification—a rationalisation, as we might call it—of children's dress.

There is a painting by Zoffany of the family of Lord Willoughby de Broke in the 1770's. It shows the family at tea and the interesting thing about it is that while the father and mother are still 18th-century figures in silks and satins and with powdered hair, the children are dressed in rather flimsy white



ASSYRIA



ANCIENT BRITAIN

E. H. Shepard



Continued.] garments with a simple sash set rather high. This is the strangest anticipation of the clothes which were to come into fashion at the very end of the century. Then grown-up women abandoned the elaborate clothes of the *Ancien Régime* and assumed the dress (as they thought) of the Ancient Greeks. The dresses of the little girls in Zoffany's picture anticipate grown-up fashions by a whole generation.

Something very similar happened to boys. It is an odd thought that it was the grown-up men in the 1770's and '80's who wore breeches and the boys who wore trousers. It is difficult to understand the stigma which at this period of history was still attached to trousers. Trousers were the garb of rough fellows like sailors and of the lower classes generally. The term of contempt, *sans-culottes*, hurled at the *cannaille* of France by the aristocrats did not imply that "without breeches" meant that the men of the people were wearing the kilt. It meant that they were wearing trousers. Trousers took a long time to shake off this association and, in the early years of the 19th century the great Duke of Wellington himself was once refused admission to Almack's, the famous assembly hall, on the ground that he was wearing trousers. The equivalent, 100 years later, would have been the refusal to admit a gentleman to the Casino at Monte Carlo on the ground that he was wearing plus fours. It was boys, therefore, who broke down the barrier, for they were undoubtedly wearing trousers long before the *sans-culottes* of the French Revolution had been heard of. If one cannot call this an eccentricity of children's dress it is certainly an eccentricity in the history of costume.

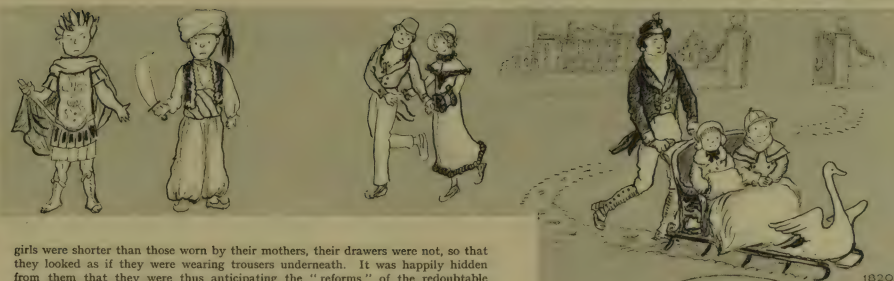
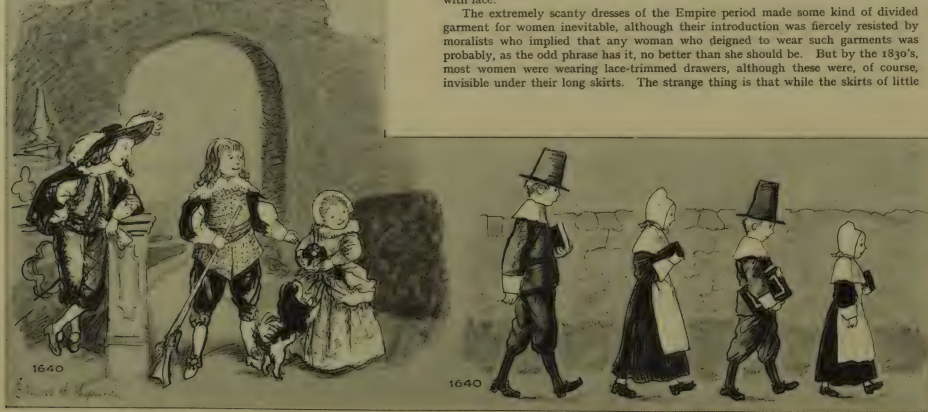
In the closing years of the 18th century the fashion plate, properly so-called, came into existence, and from then on we have a year-to-year record of changing fashion both for children and grown-ups. As we have seen, children's clothes, under the influence of Rousseau, were essentially practical clothes—that is, they were more suitable for an active life than the clothes of grown-ups.

At the beginning of the 19th century, clothes for both boys and girls were really sensible—much more sensible than they were afterwards to become. The boys had loose, light-coloured garments, open at the throat; the girls had dresses the only fault of which was that they were too long. The girls had no constriction round the waist and the boys had no constriction round the neck, these being the two stock vices of male and female clothes respectively. But such a happy condition of affairs was not destined to last.

By the end of the '30's boys' clothes had become tighter and less comfortable again. The usual costume consisted of long trousers and a "spencer," or short coat without tails. It is known to us as the short coat with rows of buttons worn by page-boys, and in its other fossilised form as the Eton jacket. But what we know as the Eton collar enclosing the necks of small boys in a stiff wall of starched linen was happily still in the future. Little boys of the early-Victorian period often wore a collar which was the same in form but larger, looser and more floppy. It must have been much more comfortable than its descendant. Long trousers were universal. The legs even of the very young were not exposed to view.

If the legs of boys could not be exposed, still less could the legs of girls, and this convention led to one of the most extraordinary eccentricities of children's dress ever perpetrated: the preposterous "pantalettes." Those of us who have already passed our half-century probably made our first acquaintance with these absurd garments in some early illustrated edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Little Eva wore short if ample skirts and below these her legs could be seen encased in linen tubes edged with lace.

The extremely scanty dresses of the Empire period made some kind of divided garment for women inevitable, although their introduction was fiercely resisted by moralists who implied that any woman who deigned to wear such garments was probably, as the odd phrase has it, no better than she should be. But by the 1830's, most women were wearing lace-trimmed drawers, although these were, of course, invisible under their long skirts. The strange thing is that while the skirts of little



girls were shorter than those worn by their mothers, their drawers were not, so that they looked as if they were wearing trousers underneath. It was happily hidden from them that they were thus anticipating the "reforms" of the redoubtable Mrs. Bloomer.

There was certainly an element of snobbery in this, as only wealthy parents could afford to keep their daughters in spotless linen which was all too easily dirtied. The present author has a photograph (it must have been one of the earliest) of his grandmother as a little girl with one of her young friends. My grandmother is not wearing pantalettes, but her little friend is. This probably implied some slight difference in social status.

However, mothers on the border-line of gentility had no need to despair. There were false pantalettes (indeed, it is probable that these were the objects to which the word "pantalette" most properly applied) and these were simply cloth tubes trimmed with lace and tied on above the knee.

The other thing which strikes us as odd in the clothes worn by girls in the '40's is the extreme degree of décolletage allowed. There was, of course, no question of "evening dress" for children: little girls wore the Victorian off-the-shoulder line in the daytime. This is even stranger when we reflect that below the waist the female body at all ages had never been more warmly clad. By the early '50's it had become the fashion to wear a great many petticoats of which at least one was of red flannel.

The crinoline when it was first invented (it became fashionable in the middle '50's) was a great emancipation, for it enabled both women and girls to attain the fashionable silhouettes of wide-spreading skirts without the necessity of a multiplicity of petticoats underneath. But, of course, the crinoline, like all the devices of fashion, got out of hand and by 1860 the hoop-distended skirts were so immense that two women could not enter a room together or sit on the same sofa.

The crinoline was universally worn: by grand ladies, by servants, by actresses—no matter what the supposed period of the play—and by little girls. The little girls had one advantage: when they wore the crinoline they were at least saved, owing to the comparative shortness of their skirts, from the ever-present danger of being burned to death, by the wide, distended flounces catching in the open fires of the period.

It is strange to think that the abandonment in the late 1860's of so absurd a fashion as the crinoline should have meant, as far as girls were concerned, a change for the worse. But so it was. The bustle of the early '70's was an even less practical garment, for it pulled the skirt tightly back over the hips to bunch it up at the back, and so impeded the full use of the limbs. A little girl in a crinoline could at least run about freely inside her swaying cage, but a little girl in a bustle could hardly move at all. Clothes altogether were made tighter and the neckline much more closely fitting. And instead of the rather charming heel-less slippers of a previous period, childish feet were confined in tight, high button boots. The hats were much less comfortable than those of the previous decade. Another more serious matter was the return of excessive tight-lacing, even for the young.

All these aberrations, however, are the eccentricities of grown-up dress, reflected more or less completely in the clothes of children. But now we have to consider another element adding to the oddity of juvenile attire. There had been "fancy dress" for children, on special occasions, from the period when people began to be conscious that the clothes of their own time and country were not the clothes of all time and of every country. Such a notion took a surprisingly long time to find acceptance, for even in the Elizabethan age "long ago" meant almost inevitably the Romans, and "far away" the Turks. Fancy dress meant either one or the other. Even as late as the second half of the 18th century this idea persisted.

There is a charming painting by Zoffany showing Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, at her dressing-table. Two little boys, the future Prince Regent and the future Duke of York, stand beside her. The former is dressed as a [Continued overleaf,



1920

19



1840



1850

Continued.] miniature Julius Caesar and the latter as a little Turk. In view of their subsequent history it ought, perhaps, to have been the other way round.

Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," on the other hand, was dressed in a kind of Cavalier costume, and such clothes were, apparently, not only worn on special occasions. The costumes of the children of rich and sophisticated parents were often, as it were, deliberately "out of period."

This curious use of "historical costume" never affected little girls very much. Their dresses nearly always followed the adult mode as closely as possible. It was on their small sons that doting mothers lavished their romantic fancies.

The enthusiasm for the Waverley novels put many a small boy into Scotch cap and tartan kilt, however "Sassenach" he might be. Byron's fame resulted in a fashion for the Oriental, and after the Crimean War, Young Hopeful might well be got up as a Turco or a Zouave. Towards the end of the century sailor suits became common, and indeed lasted until the First World War. The present author can remember that he spent most of his childhood in a sailor suit.

The Aesthetic Movement of the '80's was not without its effect on children's clothes, and for girls at least the modifications introduced by the swooning Mammies of "Passionate Brompton" were probably all to the good. The fashionable misses of the '80's were done up like parcels, hardly able to move and much too tightly laced: the Aesthetic young ladies wore looser garments, some of which were not without their charm. We can gain some notion of them from the drawings of Kate Greenaway, a delicate and talented illustrator, but not (as Ruskin contended) as great an artist as Michelangelo!

The sons of Aesthetic parents were less fortunate. We know what many of the adult Aesthetes looked like from the caricatures by George du Maurier in *Punch*, and also from the figure of Bunthorne, still to be seen in revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." Velvet coat and breeches with a floppy collar—such was the accepted mark of artistic sensibility; Oscar Wilde wore something of the sort when he went lecturing in America. The juvenile version was usually known as the Little Lord Fauntleroy and was surely calculated to fill any normal boy required to wear it with acute embarrassment.

The clothes of non-Aesthetic boys (if the phrase may be permitted) showed a distinct change for the worse in the last quarter of the 19th century. The jackets became tighter and more tailored. The frilled soft collar turned back over the jacket was abandoned in favour of the stiff Eton collar, or of the stand-up collar imitated from that of grown men. A hard-rimmed top or bowler had replaced the softer headgear of the '50's and '60's, and there was a general stiffening and tightening of all male attire from which even young boys did not escape. Even the much more sensible Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers was spoiled for comfort by the addition of the stiff white Eton collar. This was so easily crumpled and dirtied that economical parents began to substitute celluloid for linen, but this did not add to the wearer's comfort.

It is strange that the activities of the "New Woman" in the '80's had so little influence on female costume. There was much talk of Emancipation, but emancipated clothes were more grotesque than practical and, as men were admired as more emancipated, women seized on such unessentials of male attire as the stiff collars and added it to their other encumbrances. The new passion for cycling put some young women into knickerbockers, but children did not cycle in those days and so the craze had little effect on the dress of young girls.

The new century brought little improvement; in fact, girls' dresses of the Edwardian period were marked by an extreme of elaboration, even to the absurdly over-bedizened hats. In our modern egalitarian world we have forgotten that cleanliness itself was once prized as a class-distinction with the curious result that well-to-do people tended to wear and to provide for their children clothes which were very easily dirtied. Some little girls, especially in smart circles in Paris in the years before

1850



1959



1905



1885

the First World War, were walking advertisements that their parents were able to devote the services of a laundry-maid to them alone.

English girls, on the other hand, until they "came out," suffered from something quite different: the school uniform. This was deliberately made as unattractive as possible. It usually consisted of an austere white blouse, a "gym slip," long, black stockings, flat-heeled shoes and, of course, a stiff straw hat with the school ribbon around the crown. This hat was usually very wide in the brim and seems to have been modelled on the straw hat worn by the boys of Harrow. The whole outfit deserves a place in any gallery of the eccentricities of children's dress.

The movement to provide sensible clothes for children did not really gather momentum until the early '20's. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining starch during the war the soft-collared shirt was adopted by both men and boys. The very practical shorts with bare knees, almost unknown before the war except for Boy Scouts, now became universal wear for boys up to eleven or twelve. Some public schools, like Radley, had the sense to adopt a school uniform of grey flannel shorts and jackets. Girls' school uniforms grew less hideous and the absurd straw hat was usually abandoned for the "panama." Very young children of both sexes were put into rompers. Some nursery schools even reverted to the complete nudity of early times, and neither morals nor health suffered any notable decline. Children of to-day should be grateful for this at least; that their clothes are now designed chiefly for their own convenience and comfort, and not to display the social status of their parents or to indicate the "artistic" tastes of their doting mothers. Parents, too, should be grateful not only for a diminution of laundry bills but for the disappearance of all those nervous crises in the nursery which were directly due to the practice of dressing children up in clothes unsuitable for their years.

But we have not quite finished with the story of eccentricity in children's dress. Since the end of the Second World War the children of all classes have certainly appeared in garments which would have been thought extraordinary enough in any age except our own. The influence here has been almost entirely American. Cowboy outfits have been with us for a long time, but now we have a whole range of what might be described as lumberjack clothes, brightly-patterned shirts and jeans. The extraordinary popularity of these coarse, close-fitting trousers is indeed one of the distinguishing sartorial marks of the last decade. They are worn by adolescents of both sexes and also by young children, sometimes shortened to just below the knee and decked with fancy ribbons. This might be described as a happy blend of romanticism and utility.

Other influences modifying the clothes of modern children can be summed up in the phrase, "surplus stores." The duffle coat with wooden toggles was evolved in the Navy during the war, and thousands of these garments were surplus when the conflict was over. They were readily purchased by civilians, and although they were, of course, too big for children, smaller replicas soon appeared on the market, and were worn by both boys and girls. Strangely enough, this seems to be the only naval contribution to contemporary children's dress. The sailor suit of fifty years ago is hardly ever seen to-day.

We have not said anything about the dress of babies, which in the past has certainly showed many varieties of eccentricity. It was for long a superstition, a real "old wives' tale," that the limbs of very young children would only grow straight if their unfortunate possessors were tied up like parcels in "swaddling clothes." The phrase is now only remembered for its Biblical reference, but the practice of swaddling children so that they couldn't move lasted until the 18th century.

Swaddling clothes were succeeded by the absurd "long clothes" which lasted until our own day. They are now worn only for christenings. The sensible principle of leaving the limbs of young children as free as possible is now universally accepted. In fact, the modern baby is frequently as free and almost as naked as his counterpart in primitive times.



1865



1875

E.H. Shepherd

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS (Continued from page 25)

The doctor her parents consulted advised them to leave her to recover from the shock, and she had settled into an almost middle-aged existence of gardening and keeping her mother company when Joe called to see her one hot evening in June.

Her parents were out and she was on the lawn trying to start the motor mower when he came in at the gate. Before she could speak, he moved her aside, saying:

"Let me try."

It gave her time to pull herself together. But as soon as the engine sputtered and roared into life he switched it off and faced her.

"Okay, now. How are you?"

"I'm all right. Do come in," she said, leading the way up to the house.

As though he knew himself unwelcome, he came almost at once to the point.

"I came to see you about the boat," he said, when she had poured him a drink. "Are you prepared to charter her?"

Colour surged painfully into Linda's face and away again as she fought not to remember last summer at this time; the deck hot under her bare feet in the sun as she watched Harry sketch the tunny fishermen . . .

"No," she said, breathing fast. "I don't need to, Joe."

"Maybe not," he said with an involuntary glance round the comfortable room. "But I've been staving off inquiries all this season, and now I've got a couple of chaps who'd give their ears for a well-found boat for cruising this summer and most of next. They're even willing to slip and paint, if you—"

"No."

"What are you going to do with her, then?" he asked curiously. "Sail her yourself, some day?"

"No!"

His face darkened and he bit his lip.

"Linda, you know Harry would have agreed with me: it's a crime to let a boat like *My linda* lie there and rot!"

"All you and Harry ever thought about was boats!" she cried passionately. Shocked, unable to control herself, she jumped up, overturning her glass. "I won't sell—I won't charter. I don't want to talk about her!"

"That means you want me to go away, then?" he asked after a moment during which he scooped up the broken glass. "You never did have much use for me, did you?"

"I was grateful to you for your kindness—"

"So grateful, you never even wrote. Oh, yes, I know your mother did. You've always been looked after. You had me to tell you about Harry, your parents to hide down here with afterwards—d'you know, I think if you'd had to wait and wait, and find out for yourself what had happened . . . or if you'd even been in the dinghy with him when he was run down, it might have been better for you. You'd have done something . . . got yourself an identity!"

"Stop!" she cried—but he had stopped already.

"I'm sorry. Let's get back to business. Sure you don't want me to dispose of the boat for you?"

"No," she said stubbornly.

Joe stared at her for a long moment. Then:

"All right," he said. "I'm a business man, as you know, and I hate to pass up a chance. But so long as your bank goes on paying me for the berth, it's okay by me. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said in a whisper, as he went.

She hated Joe now . . . even more than when he and his technical conversation had eaten into her time with Harry, which she had not known was to be so short. But, standing looking at the splash of sherry on the carpet after he had gone, she knew that in what he had said about her hiding herself, he was right.

Outside again, she got the mower going—it started at a touch—and, sweating and midge-bitten, went over every inch of the big lawn which usually occupied her for several days. The next morning, she telephoned a friend, Jill Bacon, who was running a teashop, and asked her if she wanted help. Her parents were pleased when she got the job—it was a sure sign that she was "getting over things"—but they wanted to keep her with them, and when, a few weeks later, she went to live with Jill over the shop, they were pathetically hurt.

Linda knew she was doing right, but she was not happy. In spite of her dogged determination to prove she was not what Joe Gregory thought, in spite of going out sometimes with Jill and her friends, the terrible, lost feeling remained. Hard work and memories were not enough.

"Come home for Christmas, darling," her mother risked pleading when the anniversary they were all silently dreading loomed so near that Linda had spent that very day, teeth set, decorating the teashop with Jill. "You will, darling, won't you?"

"I'll come for dinner, of course!" she said, head high, voice and fingers steady as she buttoned her coat to go back to the flat. "I'd rather have myself for company till then, Mother, really!"

"So long as you remember you're still our little girl!" said her mother tearfully, going with her to the door.

It was just what she didn't want to be. Not in the way they meant it. Not ever again. But—*what else am I?* she asked herself, driving the little car her father had insisted on giving her for her birthday back into the town. *I'm independent but what else . . . ?*

In the public garage opposite the teashop there was a girl she knew. Linda backed her car in for the night, exchanged waves and left, but her coat caught on a nail and, as she stooped to free it, she heard the girl say to her escort:

"Linda Wakefield. You remember her, don't you?"

Wrenching her coat free, Linda went blindly off across the street in the sleety darkness.

Linda Wakefield . . . never Linda Brent. She had to face it—no one called her by Harry's name any more. No one here ever had . . .

You might have got yourself an identity, said Joe's voice inside her head. She could see his grim face as she climbed the stairs and paused on the landing to gather courage to face Jill and her friends. For the first time she admitted to herself that pain, even the very worst of anguish, was better than this ghastly rootless feeling . . .

They closed early on Christmas Eve, to let Jill fly to Switzerland for a fortnight. Linda drove her to the station; in answer to her tentative inquiry, fibbed that she was going straight home to her parents—and as soon as she was alone, on a sudden, frantic impulse swung the car round and headed for Alersham.

It was dark long before she got there, but that made it easier. She just wanted to look at *My linda*, recapture the loss that had changed to a more dreadful nothing, and leave again without being seen.

The yard, full of the dim, swathed shapes of shored-up boats, was deserted. To one side, lights glowed behind drawn curtains in the Gregorys' cottage; everything else was dark. Tripping over chips of wood and ends of discarded rope, she made her way as silently as possible round to the water's edge—met, as she stepped on the hard, by a gust of cold, salt air that brought back with a rush every detail of that terrible night twelve months ago.

For a moment she felt she must turn back. Gasping, she forced herself on a few steps till the mast and spars of the yacht showed up against the night sky—and would have fled, weeping, back to the car, if she had not suddenly glimpsed lights on board. *My linda's* skylight and ports were lit from stem to stern!

Fury against Joe Gregory for disobeying her express wishes took the place of the tears that had rushed up in Linda's throat. Stealthily she crept forward and, unseen in the darkness, looked down through the uncurtained skylight into the cabin.

But what she saw was not what she expected. Instead of jerseyed young men sprawling over the settees in a welter of charts, tide tables and tobacco, there was just a young couple getting two children ready for bed.

The younger, rolling heavily against his father's waistcoat, half-asleep, was being buttoned into his sleeping-suit. The elder, a little girl with fair pigtails, was helping her mother to hang up two white socks, a man's grey one and a woman's nylon stocking. For a moment her excited chatter floated up clearly to the watching Linda, through an open port—then she dived into the sleeping cabin and with a chuckle bounded on to Harry's bunk.

Standing up, shutting her from sight, the young father followed with the little boy against his shoulder. He was gone two or three minutes, during which Linda stood motionless, watching the woman finger a white cardboard box she took down from a shelf.

"Look, Jim," she heard her say when her husband rejoined her and closed the door: "Look what I found! Jim, d'you think they'd mind?"

She held up a clutch of tiny silver bells.

"Not if you don't break them," the man said after a pause. "You could put up a few, love, I should think. Happy?"

"Oh, Jim—to have a place of our own, for Christmas—!"

It was then Linda heard footsteps approaching—Joe Gregory's unmistakable, uncompromising tread. The wind had carried it away—whirling, she found him already close behind her.

"You!" he said hoarsely, coming to an abrupt stop. "You—!"

"Leave them alone!" she chattered, putting herself between him and the lighted yacht. "Leave them alone, Joe, please! I know they're squatting, but it's Christmas—*My linda's* mine, anyway, and I can do what I like with her. I want you to leave them alone!"

Blinking, he grasped her by the shoulders:

"I'd better explain—"

"You don't have to explain anything!" she protested, shaken by a fierce, defensive urge. "If they do any damage—but they won't. They're decent people, and it's Christmas Eve!"

"Don't I know it!" he said, grip tightening. Something that was not to do with the thin rain that was falling contracted his face. "Linda, try to listen, my dear. I wasn't going to turf them out. I said they could have the boat for Christmas."

"You—?"

"The man works for me. They lodge with a cracked old woman who gives his wife and the children a dog's life—they can't get a home of their own. I never dreamed you'd come back, to-night of all nights. Linda—for God's sake, don't cry!"

"I want to!" she sobbed. "I want to!"

He held her while she wept onto his shoulder, tears mingling with the rain that slid steadily down his oilskin in the dark. After a while, he very gently turned her so that for a moment they stood watching while two pairs of hands fixed a beribboned bell to the peak of *My linda's* skylight . . . then he drew her away.

"You're staying with Mother and me for to-night. We can telephone your people."

"There's no need," she said, and squaring her shoulders, tried to smile up at him through the rain and tears on her lashes as they went up the path to the cottage. "I've got a job—I'm independent, now. You could say I've made myself an identity—thanks to you!"

"You mean that?" he asked, after a startled moment.

She nodded. For a little longer he went on looking at her—then reaching into his pocket brought out a key and opened the door.

Warmth and light came out to meet them. There was a fire in the hall, and a great bowl of flawless Christmas roses on a low table. Joe's hand was firm under her elbow . . . she knew instinctively as she stepped over the threshold that she had come home. [THE END.]



“THE SANDS OF TIME RUNNING OUT.”

“DEATH AT THE BANQUET”: A THRILLER ON CANVAS
WHICH TELLS A STORY.

“Death at the Banquet,” or “The Assassin,” the work of Angelo Caroselli, a little-known imitator of Caravaggio of the seventeenth century, has all the ingredients of a mystery novel and presents a fascinating puzzle for our readers. The situation appears to be the following: the young nobleman with the skeleton at his back has been lured to the banquet by the lady next to him, who has been urged to the terrible deed by the other—harder-hearted—lady and who is showing signs of compassion. It will be noticed that the victim is drinking wine of a different colour from that in the glass of the lady sitting next to him, and perhaps it has been poisoned: an alternative explanation is that the victim is about to be assassinated by the young nobleman who is drawing his dagger. The skeleton, in whose hour-glass little sand remains, symbolises the impending doom of the victim. These, then, are the ingredients of this problem, and our readers may care to set themselves the task of piecing together these suggestions and solving a mystery which will surely test the ingenuity of all.

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GAMES, UTENSILS AND INSTRUMENTS USED IN 17TH-CENTURY FRANCE.



"ESAU SELLING HIS BIRTHRIGHT TO JACOB," BY MICHEL CORNEILLE (1602-1664). (Oil on canvas: 45½ by 49½ ins.)



"THE FIVE SENSES," BY SEBASTIEN STOSKOPFF (1597-1657). (Oil on canvas: 44½ by 70½ ins.)

Frequently one of the extra pleasures of looking at a painting is to seek out those small details in it which show how the people of that period lived their daily lives: what they ate, how they dressed, the tools they used, the ways in which they amused themselves. Constable's "Boat Building," for example, shows craftsmen fashioning the planks for

their huge barges; Van Gogh's "The Potato Eaters" takes one into a Dutch peasant's home; Gozzoli's great frescoes in the Medici chapel in Florence are almost an inventory of a court entourage. Similarly, in the two paintings here, one can pick out the implements, the games and musical instruments that once were everyday objects in the home.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Musée d'Orléans (above), and the Musée de Strasbourg (below).

TINKER AND SAWYERS: PERIOD STUDIES OF 17TH-CENTURY CRAFTSMEN.



"THE SAWYERS," BY JEAN TASSEL (1608?-1667). (Oil on canvas: 24½ by 31½ ins.) Reproduced by courtesy of the Musée de Strasbourg. The painting shows two men cutting planks with an elaborate hand-saw, while servants from the house doze on the ground.



"THE TINKER," BY JAN BAPTIST WEENIX (1621-c. 1663). (Oil on canvas: 23 by 27½ ins.) Reproduced by courtesy of The Right Hon. Viscount Allendale. The tinker was once a common sight in the countryside, travelling from place to place with his tools for mending metal utensils. Tinkers were often rogues, but this one, with his dog begging to share his master's lunch, looks amiable enough.

THE PLEASURES OF SUMMER AND WINTER, SEEN BY FLEMISH PAINTERS.



"ARCADIAN SUMMER SCENE," BY PAUL BRILL (1554-1626). (Oil on panel : 11½ by 15½ ins.)

The Flemish painter Paul Brill has sometimes been called the founder of picturesque landscape. He travelled widely and found

handsome patronage in Rome where he executed a series of large frescoes, and a 70-ft. landscape in the Vatican.



"WINTER LANDSCAPE, WITH PLEASURES ON THE ICE," BY JACOB GRIMMER (1526-1589). (Oil on panel: 11 by 15 ins.)

Reproduced by courtesy of Leonard F. Koetser.

Not much is known about Jacob Grimmer, and only a few pictures are proved to be by his hand. This naive and amusing village scene

in winter is very recognisably in the Flemish tradition. Grimmer was born about four years before Peter Brueghel the Elder.

CONTRASTING SEASONS, FROM THE BRUSH OF AN 18TH-CENTURY FRENCH ARTIST.



"AUTUMN," BY JEAN PILLEMENT (1727-1808): SIGNED AND DATED 1791. (Oil on canvas: 12½ by 18½ ins.)



"WINTER," ALSO BY JEAN PILLEMENT, AND PAINTED IN THE SAME YEAR. (Oil on canvas: 12½ by 18½ ins.)

Both these landscapes by the French painter Jean Pillement are in a strongly theatrical style. They have none of the humour or freshness of the two Flemish landscapes opposite: their appeal lies in the dramatic way the artist has used colour to emphasize the atmosphere of the contrasting seasons. A rich, golden light suffuses the rocky scene in the top picture. In the lower one icicles hang from bare trees, and heavy

black clouds intensify the coldness of the snow. Pillement's own life, too, was rich in contrasts. After visiting Paris, Vienna and London, he became painter to Marie Antoinette and to the last King of Poland, before finally settling in Lyons, where he died. He also etched some plates of flowers and of other subjects, and executed designs for a number of other eminent engravers.

Reproduced by courtesy of the William Hallsborough Gallery.



A RUSSIAN FAIRY TALE TOLD IN THE BALLET OF THE "FIREBIRD": (TOP) MARGOT FONTEYN AS THE FIREBIRD WHO SAVES A YOUTH FROM DEMONS, ABOUT TO DEFEAT HER ENEMIES. (BELOW) THE FIREBIRD TRIUMPHANT OVER THE EXHAUSTED DEMONS.

A BALLET OF ENCHANTMENT AND REWARDS OF MERCY: "FIREBIRD"

THE story of the "Firebird" starts in a magic garden, the domain of the demon Kashchey. A boy, Ivan Tsarevich, out hunting, climbs over the high wall and there he sees the Firebird flying past a tree laden with golden fruit. He tries to shoot it but it escapes; Ivan creeps up behind and seizes the bird, which in desperation offers him a golden feather as a ransom, to which he agrees. Then twelve maidens come out to shake the apples from the tree and to dance. Ivan, who has fallen immediately in love with their leader, advances to speak to her and she bids him go. Suddenly darkness [Continued opposite.



Continued.] engulfs the garden, Ivan tries to flee and beats at the gates which fly open and in pour a crowd of goblins and demons. They bind Ivan fast and Kashchey the demon begins to cast a spell on his victim but Ivan waves the golden feather in the air. Immediately the Firebird flies in to his rescue, scatters his enemies and forces them to join her dance which goes faster and faster till the demons sink into slumber. Then Ivan finds the enormous egg which contains the soul of Kashchey and smashes it. The ballet ends with the release of all the prisoners and Ivan's acclamation. It was first danced by Diaghilev's company in 1910, when Karavina took the part of the Firebird. It is shown here danced by Margot Fonteyn in the Covent Garden production. The music is by Stravinsky, choreography by Fokine and the original decor was by Bakst.

Colour photographs by
Houston Rogers.



Hawes Inn, South Queensferry

from the original by J. G. Rennie

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE . . .

Remembered boyhood reading of R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped" adds indefinable romance to the historic name of the Hawes Inn, which stands today at the eastern approach to the Royal and Ancient Burgh of South Queensferry just as King George IV saw it on his visit there in 1822. So also an indefinable romance attaches to the Scotch Whisky which is blended and bottled in this ancient Burgh—the blend with all the mature elegance of age.

"King George IV"

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY





"THE PANCAKE MAKER," BY NICOLAES MAES (1632-1693).

The custom of eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday is no modern one. Nicolaes Maes recorded it in this painting 300 years ago; Shakespeare referred to it, and Goldsmith, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," tells how the parishioners "religiously ate pancakes at Shrove-tide." Among the most amusing accounts is one from Taylor, known as the Water Poet, who in the early 17th century wrote that the pancake was a mixture of "wheaten flour . . . water, eggs, spice and other tragical, magical,

enchantments." This, when cooked, was "called a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour very greedily." The origin of Shrove Tuesday lies in the practice of obtaining absolution (being "shrived") on the day prior to the beginning of Lent. It soon became a popular festival, much of which was devoted to preparing, tossing and eating pancakes, although this practice never seems to have had any particular religious significance attached to it.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.



I like giving
what they
like getting...



PLAYER'S

taste better

IN DECORATED
CHRISTMAS PACKINGS
BOXES OF 100 CIGARETTES 19/7
BOXES OF 50 CIGARETTES 9/9½



RESISTING TEMPTATION: AN EARLY READER OF THIS NEWSPAPER, IN A PAINTING BY WILLIAM HUNT (1790-1864).

William Hunt's painting "The Temptress" is truly a Window on the World; but a world of 100 years ago in which romantic ideals and sentiments prevailed, and in which the only details surviving the intervening century would seem to be the orange, the shuttlecock and "The Illustrated London News." The theme of the picture is not entirely clear, but it seems that the serious-

minded young gentleman has grown tired of playing shuttlecock with his sister and has settled down to make himself *au fait* with the Crimean War, leaving his Dickensian cap and his school-work on the floor. His sister, of a more flippant turn of mind, tries to tempt him with an orange to go on playing with her. But the boy is not amused. (Oil on panel: 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.)

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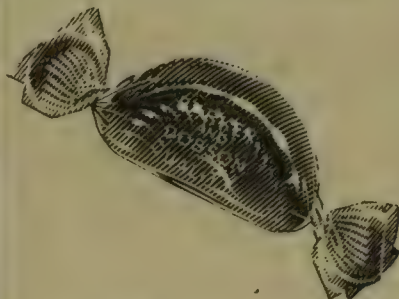


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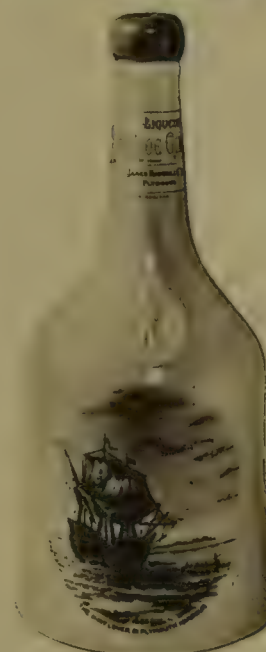
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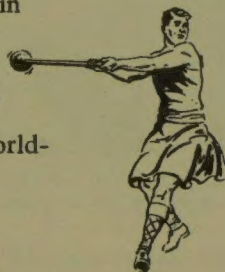
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MUSIC FOR YOU

Music, whether in church or concert hall, on radio or television, adds immeasurably to our enjoyment of Christmas. It is therefore right at this season that our thoughts should turn to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, the only musical charity in this country supported by voluntary contributions. The Fund helps all types of professional music-makers in Great Britain. Pensions are given to the aged and infirm, and generous grants to the sick and those in temporary difficulties. Legal advice and help are also given, and the Fund maintains a lovely convalescent home at Westgate-on-Sea, where musicians can recuperate before returning to entertain you. If you love music please send a gift to The Musicians' Benevolent Fund, 7, Carlos Place, London, W.1.

Salute to Courage

If you can pay a visit to the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables in Putney you will find there some 260 men and women suffering from incurable disease, but filled with courage, and the determination to live full and useful lives. And this they do within the limits of their disabilities. Their hospital—which is also their home—is not State-aided, and it urgently needs the sympathetic and the material assistance of those who are well so that this great work may continue.

The courage of these sick men and women is infinite. Please salute it by sending a Christmas gift to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, S.W.15.

When You Are Very Young

Christmas is often called The Children's Festival, and every child in a happy home can look forward with confidence to the joys that Christmas will bring. But—a big but—every child does not belong to a happy home, and the Children's Society has in its care some 4,500 who—through no fault of their own—have been deprived of their natural heritage. To feed and clothe and teach this great family every day the Society needs a gigantic income, and it needs even more at Christmas so that some part of each child's small dreams may be realised. Will you please help to bring joy to a child by sending a gift to The Church of England Children's Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

The Old and the Lonely

It is infinitely sad to grow old in loneliness, and in poverty as well. The Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association came into being over sixty years ago in order to alleviate such distress, and to-day it maintains five nursing homes, and two residential homes for the sick and infirm. In addition it distributes grants to old people living at home on inadequate incomes.

This Association depends upon voluntary gifts and legacies for the continuance of this great work. Will you help to relieve some old person of loneliness and fear this Christmas by sending a gift to the D.G.A.A., 10, Knaresborough Place, S.W.5.



"Madam, will you walk?"

No, never again. Never again just down to the letter box. Nor even a few feet to open the window and listen to the Christmas bells.

You see, she is incurable. She is one of the wonderful, happy people who live in the Royal Hospital & Home for Incurables at Putney. People who depend entirely on *your* help, your contribution, to live only in their hearts that happy life which you live on your two feet. This Christmastide—as the children or grandchildren hang up their

stockings—think to yourself just what *walking* means to you and yours. And send a present, however small, to this group of brave people at the Royal Hospital & Home for Incurables, Putney, London, S.W.15, marking your envelope 'Xmas.' (It is not State-aided, and depends entirely on *your* contributions.)



Please don't let her be disappointed

There are 4,500 children in our family who depend ON YOU.

Will you be their SANTA CLAUS?

10/- will help to provide Christmas fare for one child.

Christmas Donations gratefully received by the Secretary.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

(formerly WAIFS AND STRAYS)
Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11

HELP US TO HELP

those who cannot help themselves



A resident in one of our Homes who, although well over 90, still retains an active interest and enjoyment in all that goes on around her

Funds are urgently needed to enable us to continue to help our large and ever-increasing family, many of whom are elderly and infirm. They rely on us for permanent or temporary financial assistance in order that they may continue to maintain themselves in their own little homes for as long as their health and strength permit.

THEY ARE ENTIRELY DEPENDENT ON YOUR SUPPORT
PLEASE HELP TO MAKE 1960 A HAPPIER YEAR FOR THEM

**DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S
AID ASSOCIATION**

Patron: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother.

The General Secretary: Vicarage Gate House, London, W.8.

This Christmastide

*Please remember
Music's
Own Charity*

The Musicians' Benevolent Fund is the only Charity for musicians entirely supported by voluntary contributions that disburses thousands of pounds annually to unemployed, sick and aged professional musicians. The Fund also maintains a beautiful Convalescent Home for musicians at Westgate-on-Sea, Kent. Will you help in this great work.

Please send a donation to-day
to the Hon. Treasurer,
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